UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO QUARTERLY

VOLUME XII, 1942-3

Editorial Committee

A. S. P. WOODHOUSE (*Chairman*)

PHILIP CHILD A. BRADY

Business Manager

A. GORDON BURNS

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

X
Per
U58T
v.12
1942/43

General
Dept.
Budg. J.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME XII, 1942-3

No. 1, October, 1942

The Mind of Edward Gibbon (I) ..... C. N. COCHRANE 1
The Novel in England between the Wars .... N. J. ENDICOTT 18
Burke and the Totalitarian System ..... P. L. CARVER 32
Virgil, Beatrice, and the Poetry of Dante ..... ULRICH LEO 48

The War and Opinion:
I. Hitler's Basic Strategy ..... OTTO STRASSER 59
II. The Last Peace and the Next ..... LIONEL GELBER 64
III. Priorities for Planners ..... CLARIS EDWIN SILCOX 69

"Our Poets": A Sketch of Canadian Poetry in the Nineteenth Century ..... A. J. M. SMITH 75
The Literature of the Diggers ..... J. MAX PATRICK 95
Sir Oliver Lodge ..... A. VIBERT DOUGLAS 111

Reviews:
The Legacy of the Pioneers ..... EDGAR McINNIS 117
Our Euripides the Golden ..... W. D. WOODHEAD 120
Columbus and His Voyages ..... LAWRENCE J. BURPEE 124
Polish Education and Scholarship .. ROBERT L. MARKON 128

No. 2, January, 1943

Jacques Maritain: A Prophet for our Time
SIR ROBERT FALCONER 133
The Mind of Edward Gibbon (II) ..... C. N. COCHRANE 146
Aesthetic Pattern in Keats's Odes
HERBERT MARSHALL McLUHAN 167
Hume's Theory of Imagination ..... HAROLD TAYLOR 180
The Future of a Conservative Party ..... DANA PORTER 191
Beatrice and the Poetry of Dante ..... ULRICH LEO 200
Books about India ..... G. S. BRETT 210

Reviews:
The Unguarded Frontier ..... J. W. Dafoe 221
The Reformation Again ..... G. G. Coulton 226
The Mind of Wordsworth ..... J. R. MacGillivray 233
National Status and External Affairs ... B. K. Sandwell 236
Reporter at War ..... Edgar McInnis 241
Elizabethan Society and Letters
Malcolm Mackenzie Ross 244
Shorter Notices 254

No. 3, April, 1943

The Re-Education of Germany ..... Cecil Lewis 259
St. Columba and His Book ... Kathleen Cuffe Mackenzie 274
Value in the Novel Today ..... M. M. Kirkwood 282
The Eloquence of Churchill ..... Gilbert Norwood 297

Letters in Canada: 1942. Edited by Philip Child
Introduction 305
I. Poetry ..... E. K. Brown 305
II. Fiction ..... J. R. MacGillivray 315
III. Drama ..... W. S. Milne 324
IV. French-Canadian Letters ..... W. E. Collin 330
V. New-Canadian Letters .... Watson Kirkconnell 355
VI. Remaining Material .... The Editors and others 358

No. 4, July, 1943

Democracy and Education ..... Frederick Philip Grove 389
Charles Peirce: Pioneer in American Thought .. T. A. Goudge 403
Pure Well of Latin Undefiled .. William Hardy Alexander 415
Something of What Happens in *Hamlet* ..... Joe Lee Davis 426
Canada's Tenth Province? ..... A. Lacey 435
"Our Lady of Bellosguardo": A Pastel Portrait
William O. Raymond 446
Mary I, Queen of England ..... Eric Harrison 464
The Emerson Canon ..... Henry A. Pochmann 476
Literary Criticism and Science ..... Charles I. Glicksberg 485

Reviews:
The Analysis of War ..... R. A. MacKay 497
Milton and the Puritan Dilemma
William Riley Parker 502
Canada's First Two Years of War ..... F. R. Scott 505
Swift and Stella ..... Ricardo Quintana 508
A Modern German Poet ..... Cecil Lewis 511
Parliament, Cabinet and Dissolution . Alexander Brady 514

Duke University Li
NOV 10 194
Durham, N. C.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO QUARTERLY

OCTOBER, 1942

The Mind of Edward Gibbon (I).....C. N. Cochrane
The Novel in England Between the Wars.....N. J. Endicott
Burke and the Totalitarian System.....P. L. Carver
Virgil, Beatrice, and the Poetry of Dante.....Ulrich Leo
The War and Opinion:
I. Hitler's Basic Strategy.....Otto Strasser
II. The Last Peace and the Next.....Lionel Gelber
III. Priorities for Planners.....Claris Edwin Silcox
"Our Poets": A Sketch of Canadian Poetry in the Nineteenth Century.....A. J. M. Smith
The Literature of the Diggers.....J. Max Patrick
Sir Oliver Lodge.....A. Vibert Douglas
Reviews:
The Legacy of the Pioneers.....Edgar McInnis
Our Euripides the Golden.....W. D. Woodhead
Columbus and His Voyages.....Lawrence J. Burpee
Polish Education and Scholarship.....Robert L. Markon

PUBLISHED BY
THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
Distributors

SELF SEAL ENVELOPES

featured in

CHATEAU Ripple STATIONERY

SOLD BY LEADING STATIONERY, DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

W. J. GAGE & CO., Limited - Toronto

Sole manufacturers of Self Seal Envelopes in Canada

PROGRESSIVE VIEWPOINTS

For more than 21 years, THE CANADIAN FORUM has reflected the views of intelligently progressive Canadians on politics, economics, literature and art.

In the midst of a world war which is also a social upheaval and a struggle of ideas, this magazine is filling an expanding role in Canadian intellectual life. It is a MUST for thoughtful readers.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Canada's Progressive Monthly

28 Wellington St. W., Toronto

One Year.....$2.00
Two Years.....$3.00

BOUND VOLUME

Volume XI of the University of Toronto Quarterly is now available in bound form. Send in your separate issues together with the sum of **One Dollar** and a bound volume will be forwarded to you immediately.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
Toronto, Canada

TORONTO ENVELOPE CO. LIMITED

Manufacturers of

ENVELOPES

Plain *Printed* *Embossed*

366 Adelaide Street West
Toronto 2, Ont.

The Bishop Strachan School

COLLEGE HEIGHTS, TORONTO

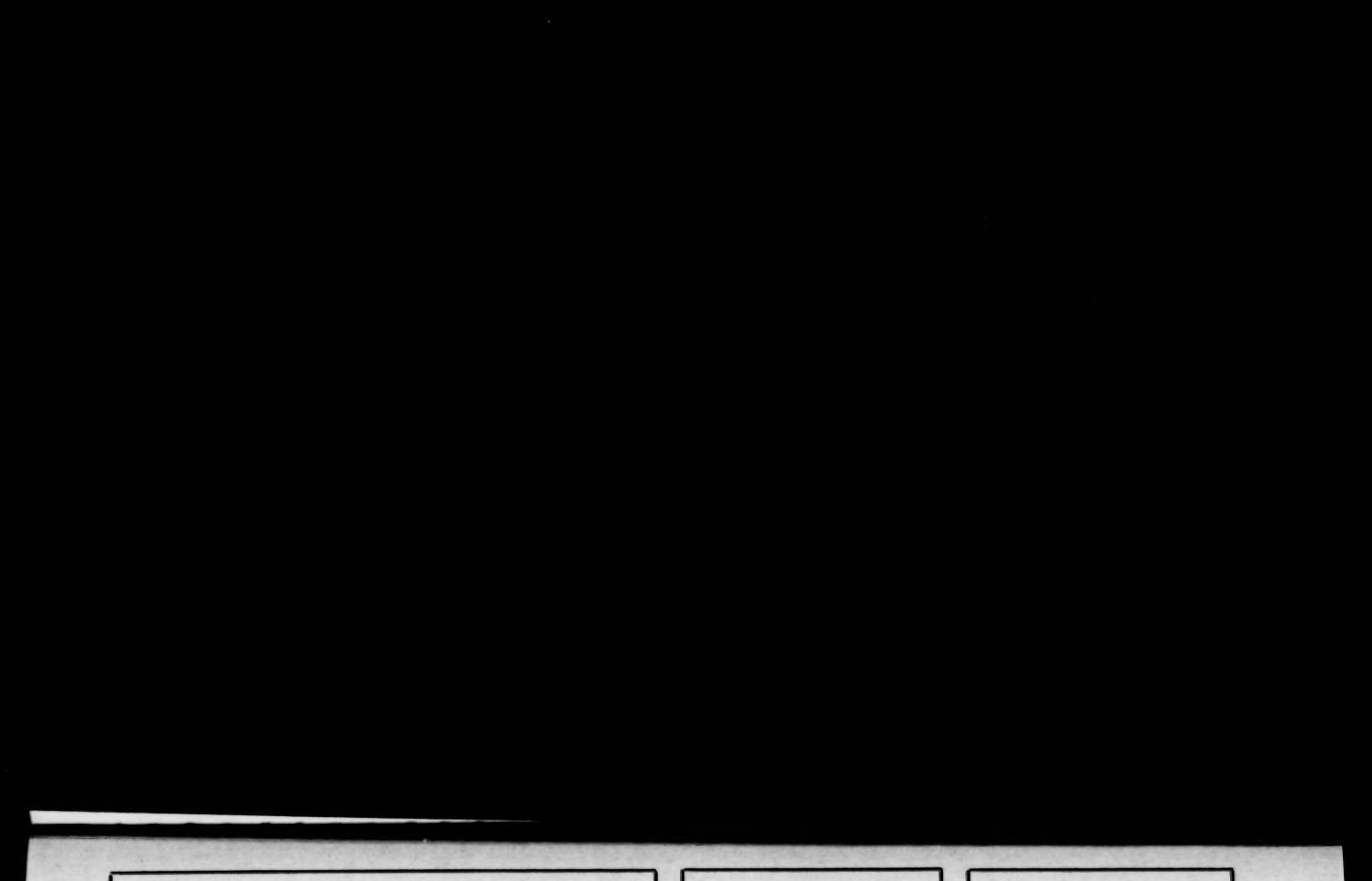
Established over 67 years

President: THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO

A CHURCH RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Kindergarten to Junior and Senior Matriculation

Principal: Miss Lowe, B.A., Toronto
Vice-Principal: Miss Rosseter,
Cheltenham and Froebel Institute



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO QUARTERLY

Editorial Committee

A. S. P. WOODHOUSE (*Chairman*)
P. A. CHILD A. BRADY

Honorary Advisory Board

Principal M. W. Wallace (*Chairman*), Principal W. T. Brown, The Rev. Provost Cosgrave, The Rev. E. J. McCorkell, Dean G. S. Brett, Professors F. H. Anderson, C. N. Cochrane, N. W. DeWitt, B. Fairley, R. Flenley, H. A. Innis, R. S. Knox, T. J. Meek, G. Norwood, Felix Walter.

Business Manager

A. GORDON BURNS

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
ON THE FIFTEENTH OF
OCTOBER JANUARY APRIL JULY

Editorial communications should be addressed to the Editors, Baldwin House, University of Toronto. All inquiries regarding subscriptions and advertising should be addressed to the Manager, The University of Toronto Press.

$2.00 a Year Three Years $5.00

457647

ESSENTIALS
OF
PRICE THEORY

By

B. S. KEIRSTEAD
Department of Economics
University of New Brunswick

$2.75

The reactions imposed on economic life in Canada since the outbreak of the war have created a demand for adequate studies of economic theory in Canada. In answer to the need this book, designed to introduce the student to the essential methods and principles of equilibrium price analysis, develops a precise, logical and sustained argument with a lucid style. A feature of the work is that, though no advanced knowledge of mathematics is required, the application of mathematical technique to economic analysis is introduced. Illustrated by excellent graphical treatment it is of value both to the student and to the general reader.

Postpaid
Circular on Request

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
TORONTO **CANADA**

CONTENTS

VOL. XII OCTOBER, 1942 No. 1

The Mind of Edward Gibbon (I) ..... C. N. COCHRANE 1

The Novel in England between the Wars .... N. J. ENDICOTT 18

Burke and the Totalitarian System ..... P. L. CARVER 32

Virgil, Beatrice, and the Poetry of Dante ..... ULRICH LEO 48

The War and Opinion:

I. Hitler's Basic Strategy ..... OTTO STRASSER 59

II. The Last Peace and the Next ..... LIONEL GELBER 64

III. Priorities for Planners ..... CLARIS EDWIN SILCOX 69

" Our Poets " : A Sketch of Canadian Poetry in the Nineteenth Century ..... A. J. M. SMITH 75

The Literature of the Diggers ..... J. MAX PATRICK 95

Sir Oliver Lodge ..... A. VIBERT DOUGLAS 111

Reviews:

The Legacy of the Pioneers ..... EDGAR McINNIS 117

Our Euripides the Golden ..... W. D. WOODHEAD 120

Columbus and His Voyages ..... LAWRENCE J. BURPEE 124

Polish Education and Scholarship ROBERT L. MARKON 128

457647

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE, Canadian Secretary of the International Joint Commission, has long been recognized as an authority in early North American history.

P. L. CARVER's versatility has been illustrated by articles for the QUARTERLY, of equal interest, on subjects as remote from one another as Quintilian, General Wolfe, and Britain's Home Guard.

C. N. COCHRANE, Professor of Ancient History in University College, is the author of *Christianity and Classical Culture* (1940).

A. VIBERT DOUGLAS is a member of the staff in Physics at Queen's University.

N. J. ENDICOTT, a graduate of the University and of Oxford, is Assistant Professor of English in University College.

LIONEL GELBER is a graduate of the University and of Oxford, and is the author of *Peace by Power* (1942).

ULRICH LEO, formerly Assistant Librarian at Frankfort, is now attached to the state archives of Venezuela. His books include *Die erste Branche des Roman de Renard* and *Fogazzaros Stil und der symbolistische Lebensroman;* and he has published a large number of learned articles, several of them on Dante. The Editors of the QUARTERLY are very grateful to Professor J. E. Shaw for translating Dr Leo's article for them.

EDGAR MCINNIS, Assistant Professor of History in the University, has recently returned after a year as visiting professor at Bowdoin College.

ROBERT L. MARKON, who escaped from Poland after the German invasion, is now with the C.B.C.

J. MAX PATRICK, a graduate of the University and of Oxford, was until recently a lecturer at the University of Manitoba. He is now on the staff of the University of Buffalo.

CLARIS EDWIN SILCOX, a graduate of the University, is well known as a writer on religious and social questions.

A. J. M. SMITH, one of the most distinguished of our younger poets, has been engaged, as a Guggenheim fellow, on a study of the history of Canadian poetry.

OTTO STRASSER, a German statesman, in exile since 1933, is the author of *Hitler and I* and has contributed widely to periodicals in Canada and the United States. His most recent book, *History in My Time*, is a history of Europe since the first World War.

W. D. WOODHEAD, once a member of University College, is now Professor of Classics at McGill.

THE MIND OF EDWARD GIBBON (I)*

C. N. COCHRANE

MY subject is the mind of Edward Gibbon. I shall not concern myself (except incidentally) with his life and achievement as a member of what Goldsmith called the "commonwealth of polite letters." Nor shall I undertake to assess the value of his work, in the sense in which it has been examined and passed *magna cum laude* by Bury, to rank with that of Thucydides and Tacitus. My object is rather to consider the principles in terms of which Gibbon envisages human nature and human history, and which thus determine his attitude to the problems raised by the collapse of ancient civilization. This means that our attention will be directed not so much to his thinking as to the preconceptions (whether implicit or explicit) which govern his thought. And we shall argue that while, of course, his general outlook was that of the so-called Age of Reason, his specific presumptions were those of what its exponents (oddly enough, from our modern standpoint) called "experimental science"; furthermore that, when Gibbon claims to speak as a philosophic historian, he consciously and deliberately aligns himself with this particular movement of thought, finding in it the clue to an understanding of "that memorable series of revolutions which, in the course of about thirteen centuries, gradually undermined, and at length destroyed, the solid fabric of human greatness"; "the greatest, perhaps, and most awful scene in the history of mankind."

I

By "experimental science" was meant, of course, the method of enquiry which, initiated by Locke with the publication of his *Essay on the Human Understanding*, was to culminate in the philosophic scepticism of Hume. This method had its origin in the work of the great seventeenth-century philosophers, Descartes and Bacon. Descartes had proclaimed the independence and self-sufficiency of the human reason as an instrument for the investigation of truth; Bacon, the doctrine that this instrument should be devoted to the practical end of wresting her secrets from nature.

*This is the first of two articles on the subject, embodying public lectures given by the author at Princeton and in University College, Toronto. (Editors' Note.)

And the *Novum Organon* bore its first fruits with Newton's formulation of the laws of motion. The success of Newtonian physics was accepted as a magnificent vindication of the new method as applied to the study of nature; it remained only to exploit the possibilities of that method in order to achieve an equally valid science of the mind. And it was precisely this task which, in his celebrated essay, Locke undertook. By so doing, he started one of the most powerful intellectual impulses of his own and the following century.

Locke was fully alive to the difficulties which lay in his path. "The understanding, like the eye," he declares, "whilst it makes us see and perceive all other things, takes no notice of itself; and it requires art and pains to set it at a distance and make it its own object." The permanent value of Locke's undertaking remains, of course, a matter of debate. Its historical importance, however, is beyond question. What this was may be gathered from the words of Locke's latest editor:

> Discarding all systematic theories, he [Locke] has from actual experience and observation, delineated the features, and described the operations of the human mind, with a degree of precision and minuteness not to be found in Plato, Aristotle or Descartes. After clearing the way, by setting aside the whole doctrine of innate notions and principles, both speculative and practical, the author traces all ideas to two sources, sensation and reflection; treats at large of the human understanding in forming, distinguishing, compounding and associating them; of the manner in which words are applied as representations of ideas; of the difficulties and obstructions which arise from the imperfection of these signs; and of the nature, reality, kinds, degrees, casual hindrances and necessary limits, of human knowledge:. . . a work of inestimable value, as a history of the understanding, not compiled from former books, but written from materials collected by a long and attentive observation of what passes in the human mind.

The *Essay*, which appeared in 1690, was saluted as "one of the noblest, the usefullest and the most original books the world ever saw," embodying "discoveries . . . , particularly that great and universal law of nature, the support of so many mental powers, which produces equally remarkable effects in the intellectual as that of gravitation does in the material world, viz. the association of ideas" (notice the parallelism). But its chief significance lay not so much, perhaps, in these discoveries, important though they were in their influence on subsequent thought, as in the method by which they were arrived at. This method was heralded as "at its first appearance, absolutely new and directly opposite

to the notions and persuasions then established." It was "to quit every arbitrary hypothesis and trust to fact and experience," or, in Locke's own words, by a "historical, plain method . . . to give an account of the ways whereby our understandings come to attain those notions of things we have . . . and to set down measures of the certainty of our knowledge, or the grounds of these persuasions which are to be found amongst men"; since (as he adds) "it is of great use to the sailor to know the length of his line, though he cannot with it fathom all the depths of the ocean. It is well that he knows that it is long enough to reach the bottom at such places as are necessary to direct his voyage, and caution him against running upon shoals that may ruin him."

Locke's work was part of a progressive secularization of thought which, beginning slowly and tentatively in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was ultimately to invade every field of human interest including history, where the problem was to interpret the story of mankind in the light of "experimental science." The difficulty was that, in order to do so, this story had to be envisaged in terms of "those universal and invariable truths" of human nature which experimental science was to discover, rather than in terms of Christian anthropology. This, however, was accomplished by drawing a distinction between primary and secondary causes, and by concentrating on the latter as alone susceptible of "experimentation" or (as we should now say) of "observation." The new secularism was, indeed, to stimulate a vigorous movement of reaction, of which Bossuet's *Discourse on Universal History* remains a characteristic product. Bossuet, however, was on the defensive, and, while his effort to restate traditional Catholic doctrine was not without its influence even on the mind of the youthful Gibbon, it was none the less a popular failure as compared with the work of lesser men who wrote in the spirit of their time. Thus Gibbon, in speaking of his early conversion to Catholicism, observes with reference to Bossuet: "I surely fell by a noble hand." But over against this we may set the influence of Middleton's *Free Enquiry*, a book which was read by Gibbon while still an undergraduate at Magdalen during the spiritual crisis of his adolescence, and which contributed to shake his faith in the historicity of miracles, as these were currently accepted in the Church. To the remarkable success of Middleton's work Hume bears grudging witness when he says that, on his

return from Italy in 1747, he had the mortification to find all England in a ferment on account of it, while his own performance (the *First Enquiry*) was entirely overlooked and neglected. Gibbon was later to record his judgment of Middleton in a passage of his *Journal*, dated February, 1764. "This man was endowed with penetration and accuracy. He saw where his principles led, but did not think proper to draw the consequences." That task, we may suspect, was reserved for the historian himself.

What experimental science offered was the picture of a world (potentially at least) devoid of mystery; and there is a curious but instructive illustration in Gibbon's *Memoirs* of how it helped him in his pilgrimage from "superstition to scepticism." He is speaking of "the book, as well as the man, who contributed the most effectually to my education," the work of an otherwise obscure teacher, a certain M. de Crousaz, "whose philosophy had been formed in the school of Locke." "His system of logic," Gibbon continues,

> may be praised as a clear and methodical abridgment of the art of reasoning, from our simple ideas to the most complex operations of the human understanding. This system I studied, and meditated, and abstracted, till I had obtained the free command of an universal instrument, which I soon presumed to exercise on my Catholic opinions.... And I still remember my solitary transport at the discovery of a philosophical argument against the doctrine of transubstantiation: that the text of scripture, which seems to inculcate the real presence, is attested only by a single sense—our sight; while the real presence itself is disproved by three of our senses—the sight, the touch and the taste. The various articles of the Romish creed disappeared like a dream.

The significance of this confession is emphasized by the fact that, while indeed it records an experience of early youth, it was written by Gibbon at the mature age of fifty-two; and there is no ground for supposing that his estimate of Locke's sensationalist logic as the "universal instrument" had changed in the interval. On the contrary, the *Memoirs* makes it clear that he accepted without question the experimental method which "has exploded all innate ideas and natural propensities." In speaking of his early intellectual gymnastics he says: "I defended Locke's metaphysic: the origin of ideas, the principles of evidence and the doctrine of liberty"; even though the Whig elements in that doctrine were not entirely to his taste, as having been "founded in reason [i.e., *a priori*] rather than experience."

In claiming for Gibbon an immediate affiliation with the spirit of experimental science, both in its earlier Lockian version and in

the form it was to take with Hume, I do not mean to deny or minimize the importance of other and more general influences in the formation of his mind. "I reviewed, again and again," he tells us, "the immortal works of the French and English, the Latin and Italian classics . . . . Homer and Xenophon were still my favourite authors [in Greek]." Gibbon was a persistent and assiduous reader. In this habit he revealed his adherence to a cardinal article of eighteenth-century faith, the need for invoking "art" (*studium et doctrina*) to supplement the deficiencies of "nature" (*ingenium*). "By long and laborious exercise," he prepared himself for the character to which "from early youth" he aspired, "the character of an historian." The question is what he got from his studies, whether classical or modern, to qualify him for the role. And first, as to the classics.

II

Speaking of his earliest published work, the French essay on the study of literature, which appeared in 1761 when he was twenty-four, Gibbon says: "I was ambitious of proving by my own example, as well as by my precepts, that all the faculties of the mind may be exercised and displayed by the study of ancient literature."

The *Essai*, as he reviews it in the light of his maturity, was not without merit. "Some dawnings of a philosophic spirit," he observes, "enlighten the general remarks on the study of history and of man." Yet this verdict was qualified by an interesting admission: "Alas! my stock of erudition at that time was scanty and superficial; and if I allow myself the liberty of naming the Greek masters, my genuine and personal acquaintance was confined to the Latin classics." This deficiency was presently in some degree to be repaired. Gibbon began the study of Greek at nineteen and, without the help of a tutor, worked through about half the *Iliad* and a large portion of Xenophon and Herodotus. "But my ardour, destitute of aid and emulation, was gradually cooled and, from the barren task of searching words in a lexicon, I withdrew to the free and familiar conversation of Virgil and Tacitus." It was not until 1781, after completing the third volume of the *Decline and Fall*, that he returned energetically to the study of Greek. Then, in the interval of suspense before resuming his labours, he read, "with new pleasure" he tells us, "the *Iliad* and

the *Odyssey*, the histories of Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon, a large portion of the tragic and comic theatre of Athens, and many interesting dialogues of the Socratic school."

The list is significant, not less for the names omitted than for those included. In particular, it is noteworthy that there is no reference to Aristotle. In the *Decline and Fall* the work of Aristotle is mentioned but once, and then only in connection with the rise of Arab science. There, in characteristic vein, the author alludes to "the philosophy of the Stagirite" as "alike intelligible or alike obscure for the readers of every age." Gibbon, with most of his contemporaries was, of course, like Aristotle a naturalist, but his naturalism (both in spirit and content) was derived from another and quite different source. Nor should the interest which he found in the Socratic dialogues be taken to imply any assent to what he calls "the spacious and noble principles" of Plato and "the philosophers who trod in his footsteps." Platonism, as he saw it, was "so far removed beyond the senses and the experience of mankind" that while it "might serve to amuse the leisure of a philosophic mind, or, in the silence of solitude, might sometimes impart a ray of comfort to desponding virtue," nevertheless produced on the mind an "impression so faint" that it "was soon obliterated by the commerce and business of active life." Classical idealism, whether in its pure Platonic or in its qualified Aristotelian form, and therewith the Christian philosophy which developed over against it, were to remain forever beyond Gibbon's ken.

But if Gibbon's knowledge and appreciation of Greek were limited and imperfect, quite the reverse may be said of his Latin; he has, indeed, been called "the last of the great Latinists." Properly speaking, his Latin discipline began only with his translation from the atmosphere of Oxford, "steeped in port and prejudice," to the more bracing, if more rigorous, intellectual climate of Lausanne (1753); but once begun, it continued without interruption for the rest of his life. And here the question is not what authors he read (for he read them practically all) but rather the spirit in which he addressed himself to his studies. Gibbon himself answers the question:

> I read with application and pleasure [at the age of eighteen] all the epistles, all the orations, and the most important treatises of rhetoric and philosophy [of Cicero]; and, as I read, I applauded the observation of Quintilian, that "every student may judge his own proficiency by the satisfaction which he receives from

the Roman orator." I tasted the beauties of language, I breathed the spirit of freedom, I imbibed from his precepts and examples the public and private sense of a man. Cicero in Latin and Xenophon in Greek are indeed the two ancients whom I would first propose to a liberal scholar; not only for the merit of their style and sentiments, but for the admirable lessons which may be applied to every situation of public and private life.... After finishing this great author, a library of eloquence and reason, I formed a more extensive plan of reviewing the Latin classics under the four divisions of (1) historians (2) poets (3) orators and (4) philosophers, in a chronological series... to the decline of the language and empire of Rome, and this plan, in the last twenty-seven months of my residence at Lausanne [January, 1756, to April, 1758] I nearly accomplished. Nor was this review, however rapid, either hasty or superficial. I indulged myself in a second and even a third perusal of Terence, Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, etc., and studied to imbibe the sense and spirit most congenial to my own.

This is an interesting piece of self-revelation. To it we may perhaps add another, drawn from Gibbon's *Journal* for October, 1762. He had been studying the *Ciceronianus* of Erasmus, together with such extracts from his letters (about forty-seven pages in all) as relate to the great Ciceronian controversy. He warmly agrees with Erasmus in his attack upon the "blind admirers and copiers of Tully . . . who, at the revival of letters formed, especially in Italy, a very considerable sect," and concludes: "So servile an attachment to any author destroys all freedom and originality of genius and produces only a set of tame writers, who will copy the faults but who will surely never attain to the perfections of their great model .... We should rather endeavour to speak as Cicero would do if he lived at present than as he did in his time." Yet Erasmus himself, as Gibbon observes, was not exempt from the faults which he denounced in others. His writings are "an incoherent mixture of Roman manners with Batavian ones, a mixture not less ridiculous than their scrupulous antique idiom." He cites, as an example, Erasmus' use of the term *interdictio aquae et ignis* to express the ecclesiastical notion of excommunication. "Perhaps the natural conclusion," he continues, "was that, instead of that ungrateful labour upon a dead language, it would be better to improve and cultivate the living ones. But this conclusion was too much for the age of Erasmus."

The words just quoted will serve to indicate Gibbon's position in the historic literary quarrel of the Ancients and Moderns. It is his declaration of independence from servility to the antiquarianism and traditionalism of Renaissance scholarship and, so far, reveals a fresh and original approach to classical study. Yet with Gibbon the

revolt was in no sense radical. All he asserts is the right to converse with the great minds of antiquity as an equal among equals. Gibbon's attitude thus remains at bottom quite unhistorical. In the words of a recent writer, he gazes back at antiquity as though from one mountain-peak of civilization to another, across the vast and formless chasm of the Middle Ages. From this standpoint he looks of course to the great Latin models for what they can teach him of *eloquentia*, a matter of essential importance inasmuch as for him "style is the mirror of the mind"; so that when he himself undertakes to write history, he marries it inevitably to literature. Furthermore, as he studies the diction of his classical authors, he gradually learns to envisage the human situation as they do, i.e., in the spirit of a man of the world. Accordingly, while recognizing the primacy of "diligence" and "accuracy" as virtues of an historian, he does not overlook the propagandist value of history as an instrument for attacking the tyranny of the Church, just as Tacitus, for example, had used it to attack the tyranny of the Caesars. In this connection, it may be pertinent to recall Gibbon's extraordinary admiration for the "discerning eye" and "masterly pencil" of an author to whom he more than once alludes as "that great historian," "the first to apply the science of philosophy to the study of facts," in "an immortal work, every sentence of which is pregnant with the deepest observations and the most lively images." "The expressive conciseness of his descriptions," he adds, "has deserved to exercise the diligence of innumerable antiquarians, and to exercise the genius and penetration of the philosophic historians of our own times." "His writings will instruct the last generations of mankind." The author in question is, of course, Tacitus himself.

We may thus conclude that Gibbon's indebtedness to the classics was not merely formal or stylistic; to a very considerable extent it was idealogical; his reading served to colour the very substance of his thought, imparting to it much of its characteristically secularist quality. He can thus repeat with sympathy, if with certain qualifications, the classical thesis that the "greatness of Rome was founded on the rare and almost incredible alliance of virtue and fortune," or pride himself on what he calls "my impartial balance of the virtues and vices of Julian." And herein we may discern the true relationship of Gibbon with the earlier Renaissance tradition of historiography, represented by

Machiavelli (which has been emphasized and, indeed, exaggerated by Christopher Dawson). Not that Gibbon consciously and deliberately imitated Machiavelli, though indeed he had read his work and for some time contemplated writing himself on the same theme, the history of Florence. It was merely that he and the Renaissance historians had quarried largely from the same mine. The concepts of interpretation which they utilized were thus formally identical; the difference lay in the significance to be attached to those concepts by Gibbon's day.

III

It is evident from the *Memoirs* that Gibbon subjected himself to an intense and widely diversified discipline in modern literature. To mention the names of but a few men whose work had a direct bearing on his future as an historian, there were Voltaire in France, author of the famous *Siècle de Louis XIV*, and, in England, Robertson and Hume. Of Voltaire and his influence, Gibbon has nothing significant to report, although there are obvious parallels between the two writers. For example, Gibbon's well-known characterization of history as "little more than a register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind" is a literal translation from Voltaire's "un ramas de crimes, de folies et de malheurs." On the other hand, the performance of the Scottish historians obviously affected him deeply. "I will assume the presumption of saying," he declares, "that I was not unworthy to read them; nor will I disguise my different feelings in the repeated perusals. The perfect composition, the nervous language, the well-turned periods of Dr. Robertson, inflamed me to the ambition that I might one day tread in his footsteps; the calm philosophy, the careless, inimitable beauties of his friend and rival often forced me to close the volume with a mixed sensation of delight and despair."

There is still another name that should be mentioned, one to whom Gibbon repeatedly alludes as "a celebrated writer of our times." In 1734 Montesquieu had published his *Considérations sur les causes de la grandeur des Romains et de leur décadence*. This work may be regarded as, in certain important aspects, an anticipation, almost indeed a *précis*, of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. The theme is identical; so also, in general, is the method of treatment. In his *Universal History* Bossuet, speaking in theological terms, had explained the collapse of Rome as a judgment of God on the

sinful pride of mankind and on his claim to independence and self-sufficiency. Montesquieu, on the contrary, following the line taken by Machiavelli in his *Discourses on Livy*, secularized the issue, which he made to depend on the strictly human qualities of virtue and vice. Thus, for him, the greatness of Rome was due to the insight of her early legislators, the practical wisdom of the Senate, the excellence of the citizen body; her decline, to the inordinate growth of the state, to Asiatic luxury, to civil discord, to the frightful tyranny of her earlier emperors, and the sloth, rapacity and bigotry of those who succeeded Constantine.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the analogy between the point of view here indicated and that of Gibbon in the *Decline and Fall*. Of many possible illustrations, I shall cite but two. The first is Montesquieu's characterization of the Emperor Augustus as a *rusé tyran*, who gently led his people into servitude. With this we may compare Gibbon on the same subject. "A cool head, an unfeeling heart, and a cowardly disposition, prompted him at the age of nineteen to assume the mask of hypocrisy, which he never afterwards laid aside. . . . His virtues, and even his vices, were artificial; and, according to the various dictates of his interest, he was at first the enemy, and at last the father, of the Roman world. . . . His moderation was inspired by his fears. He wished to deceive the people by an image of civil liberty, and the armies by an image of civil government." My second illustration is the estimate (now recognized to be in many respects false) of Byzantine history as "a tedious and uniform tale of weakness and misery." In this phrase, Gibbon merely reproduces Montesquieu's judgment regarding the weakness of the Eastern Empire, which he ascribes to universal bigotry, gross superstition, profound ignorance, and the chronic religious dissension which vitiated political life.

To say that Montesquieu attributes the greatness and decline of Rome to moral causes is not, in itself, enough to distinguish him from a Christian writer like Bossuet. The question is rather what standard of moral values he invokes. And this may be readily identified. It is the standard put forward by classical *scientia;* and it comes directly from his classical authorities, Polybius, Livy and, above all, perhaps, Tacitus in his famous indictment of the Caesars. So far as Gibbon reproduces these judgments, it is because his are derived from the same source.

In considering the *Esprit des lois* and its possible influence

upon Gibbon, we cannot, however, be satisfied with this simple explanation but must go a step further. *L'Esprit des lois*, published by Montesquieu fourteen years after his *Considérations*, marks a clear advance upon his earlier thinking and, quite as clearly, ranks as a landmark in social studies. Of this advance the author himself was fully conscious, as is evident from the words in which he records his sense of its importance:

> Many times I began, and many times I abandoned this work; a thousand times I flung to the winds the pages I had written. . . . I followed my purpose without forming any design; I understood neither the rules nor the exceptions; I found the truth only to lose it again. But, when I once discovered my principles, everything that I was looking for came to me and, in the course of twenty years, I saw my work begin, grow, advance and come to an end. . . . I first examined men, and reached the conclusion that, in the infinite variety of their laws and customs, they were not guided only by their fancies. . . . I laid down my principles and saw . . . the histories of all nations as nothing but consequences of them, each particular law relating to another law, or dependent on another of greater generality. . . . I drew my principles, not from my prejudices, but from the nature of things.

What were those principles which, in the opinion of Montesquieu, made all the difference between success and failure? Montesquieu's "discovery" was that, while law in general may be described as human reason, so far as reason governs the peoples of the earth, positive law, the actual civil and political code of any particular nation, is nothing but an application of this reason to a particular set of circumstances. Such a code must therefore bear a definite relation to the physical features of the country, to its climate, be it cold, hot or temperate, and to the prevalent mode of life, whether agricultural, hunting or pastoral; it must be related to the degree of freedom permitted by the constitution, to the religion of the inhabitants, their inclinations, their wealth, their numbers, their commerce, their manners and customs. Finally, the individual laws must have a mutual inter-connection, in keeping with their origin, with the intent of the legislator, and with the material order in relation to which they are established. The task, then, is to examine all these relationships, which together form an *ensemble* that may be designated *l'esprit des lois*.

If this be Montesquieu's "discovery," it is perhaps not quite so original as he imagined; for both the method and its application had been clearly anticipated in antiquity. It is to be seen in certain early documents of the Hippocratic corpus, especially the

treatises on *Ancient Medicine* and *Airs, Waters, Places;* the former is a plea for a rejection of what the writer calls the general, in favour of specific hypotheses subject to observation and verification; the latter, a study of environment as a factor conditioning the life of the community. Furthermore, antiquity had provided an illustration of the results to be achieved by applying the Hippocratic method to the interpretation of history. To satisfy oneself of this, all that is required is to study the introductory chapters of Thucydides' first book. But there is no direct reference in Montesquieu either to Hippocrates or Thucydides. We may therefore conclude that he was ignorant of those writers, unless, indeed, he deliberately concealed his obligation to them. On the other hand, it is evident that he had read Aristotle's *Politics*, certain passages of which are clearly animated by the Hippocratic spirit; for example, the classification of societies on a vocational basis. Yet he seldom refers to Aristotle, and then only to point to his deficiencies. In this way he testifies to the effectiveness of the blow struck by Bacon against the Aristotelian system a century before.

We have already referred to the work of Bacon in stimulating investigation into nature upon empirical and utilitarian lines and to its first fruits in the Newtonian cosmology, a universe of matter-in-motion governed by mechanical and, therefore, mathematically calculable law. We have seen, also, how Locke made use of the "experimental method" in order to lay the foundation for an analogous science of the human mind. The new method was to carry all before it. Thus, already by 1748 we find Montesquieu, under the inspiration of "experimental science," declaring that "man, considered as a physical being, is like other bodies in nature, governed by invariable laws; while, as an intelligent being, he constantly violates the laws that God has established and changes those which he establishes himself." On the assumption that human beings, by virtue of their intelligence, are capable of a limited freedom, Montesquieu proceeds to build up his account of law, clearing the ground for a vision of civilization as a conquest of the outer or physical by the inner or moral environment. For though, he argues, the empire of climate is the first of all empires, its dominion is absolute only over savages. In civilized society its power is disputed and, in some degree, neutralized by the moral forces of religion, law, policy tradition, custom, and habit; and these forces, while no doubt generated in response to physical

demands, combine to form the "general spirit" of a people and therewith its norms or conventions, the institutions characteristic of a developed social and political order. Accordingly, those institutions are to be explained, not logically (in the light of *a priori* considerations) but historically, i.e., by the "historical, plain method" of Locke, as a consequence of impulses discernible within the minds and hearts of men, such, for example, as fear (the basis of Oriental despotism), honour (Teutonic monarchy) or "virtue" (Greco-Roman republicanism).

But if the new instrument, thus applied to social study, made possible the solution of certain problems, it did so only by creating others not less serious. To what purpose, for instance, was the new cosmology substituted for the traditional Christian picture of a providential order, if it was only to revive, in a new and more terrible form, the ancient Kingdom of Zeus or "natural necessity"? Montesquieu was fully alive to the difficulty, and he confronted it boldly, even if to solve it he had to resort to dogmatism. "It is the height of absurdity," he protests, "to suppose that a blind fatality has produced all that we see in the world." The denial of fate was, at the same time, a denial of fortuity. "Fortune," he declares, "is not mistress of the world"; if she has any reality, it is merely as a function of natural (physical and moral) law; from this standpoint, her relationship is that of the particular to the general, as when, for example, a commander wins successive battles only in the end to lose the campaign. In these protests we may discern the attempt of neo-classical science to escape from the implications of its own philosophic starting-point. But its effort to do so was destined to be fruitless until at length it found a way out of the impasse in the scepticism of Hume.

It is apparent from evidence, both direct and indirect, that Gibbon was a close student of Montesquieu, and particularly of *L'Esprit des lois*. Accordingly, there is some danger of exaggerating its influence upon him. We find it difficult to subscribe to the verdict of the French editor (Paris, 1876) when he asserts that Gibbon's work is little more than a paraphrase of Montesquieu's concluding chapters. For us the real interest and importance of *L'Esprit des lois* is that it exhibits the results of Montesquieu's quest for a fresh principle of understanding. It is hardly less significant that he discovers this principle in "experimental science." The relationship of Gibbon to Montesquieu is primarily internal:

it lies in the presumptions of a logic which they hold in common. This being so, it is not surprising that they should display a similar attitude in dealing with their material or that their conclusions should, broadly speaking, be similar. Otherwise, the chief significance of Montesquieu, as an influence upon Gibbon, is that he raised certain questions which Gibbon thought it necessary to answer. But, in order to find the requisite answers, Gibbon had to look further afield until, as we shall see, he discovered them in Hume.

The first of such questions concerns liberty and necessity, the problem of free human activity in a mechanically ordered world. This is a problem which, as we have seen, Montesquieu raised but did not solve, or rather perhaps raised only to dismiss as absurd. His interest is entirely in the empirical freedoms, and his one direct reference to what he calls philosophic liberty is to define it as the exercise of the will or, at any rate, the notion that the will is exercised. But the problem was not to be evaded in such cavalier fashion. Hume's solution was to by-pass the ancient philosophic dualism by exposing "the narrow extent of science when applied to natural causes." "Our idea of necessity and causation," he declares, "arises entirely out of the uniformity observable in the operations of nature, where similar objects are constantly conjoined together, and the mind is determined by custom to infer the one from the appearance of the other." "Beyond the constant conjunction of similar objects, and the constant inference from one to the other, we have no notion of any necessity or connexion." Thus did philosophic scepticism cut the Gordian knot and make possible the undiluted humanism of the Age of Reason.

To reject as spurious the classical concept of physical necessity was at the same time to reject its correlate, the classical concept of freedom, regarded as the special power of a spiritual agent to effect results independently of the laws of nature. It was thus, as Hume saw it, a "reconciling project," designed to make possible a science of human nature possessing precisely "the same accuracy of which the several parts of natural philosophy are susceptible." The possibility of such a science rests, he thought, on the uniformities exhibited in human behaviour in all nations and ages, and these uniformities he explained as the result of a constant number of

psychological impulses, "ambition, avarice, self-love, vanity, friendship, generosity, public spirit":

> These passions, mixed in various degrees, and distributed throughout society have been, and still are, the source of all the actions and enterprises which have been observed among mankind. Would you know the sentiments, inclinations and course of life of the Greeks and Romans? Study well the temper and actions of the French and English: you cannot be much mistaken in transferring to the former *most* of the observations which you have made with regard to the latter. Mankind are so much the same in all times and places, that history informs us of nothing new or strange in this particular. Its chief use is only to discover the constant and universal principles of human nature, by showing men in all varieties of circumstances and situations, and furnishing us with materials from which we may form our observations and become acquainted with the regular springs of human action and behaviour. These records of wars, intrigues, factions and revolutions, are so many collections of *experiments*, by which the politician or moral philosopher fixes the principles of his science, in the same manner as the physician or the natural philosopher becomes acquainted with the nature of plants, minerals, and other external objects, by the *experiments* which he forms concerning them.

So much for the science of human nature, considered as mere description, where all we note is the "constant conjunction" of "actions" with their "proper motives"; but this is important, for on it is founded "our belief in witnesses, our credit in history, and indeed all kinds of moral evidence, and almost the whole conduct of life."

The description of human nature is, however, merely the first step in Hume's "attempt to introduce the Experimental Method of Reasoning into moral subjects." The next question is whether, by following this method, it is possible to arrive at norms or principles of conduct. This question Hume undertakes to solve in his second *Enquiry*. Two problems arise: (1) as to the genesis and nature of the moral sentiments, (2) as to the moral imperative, the "obligation," as he says, "to be virtuous." There is no need to follow his argument in detail. Regarding (1), the moral sentiments, it will be sufficient to recall that he bases morality upon the sentiments of benevolence and self-love which enter into the constitution of human nature, and that he regards these sentiments as universal. "The sentiments, which arise from humanity, are not only the same in all human creatures, and produce the same approbation or censure; but they also comprehend all human creatures, nor is there anyone whose conduct or character is not, by their means, an object to everyone of censure or approbation."

"Virtue and vice thus become known; morals are recognized; certain general ideas are framed of human conduct and behaviour; such measures are expected from men in such situations." "And these principles. . . are social and universal." In civilized man, as opposed to the savage, they are merely generalized. "They form, in a manner, the party of human kind, against vice and disorder, its common enemy," although, to become effective, they must often be reinforced by the love of fame. And as for (2), the obligation to be virtuous, it depends upon what Hume calls "just calculation and a steady preference for the greater happiness." This preference is natural since "in all ingenuous natures, the antipathy to treachery and roguery is too strong to be counterbalanced by any views of profit or pecuniary advantage. . . . Inward peace of mind, consciousness of integrity, a satisfactory review of our own conduct; these are circumstances very requisite to happiness, and will be cherished and cultivated by every honest man." He continues: "The hypothesis which we embrace is plain. It maintains that morality is determined by sentiment. It defines virtue to be whatever mental action or quality gives to a spectator the pleasing sentiment of approbation; and vice, the contrary." And in this, the moral judgment, "the distinct boundaries and offices of reason and of taste are easily ascertained. The former conveys the knowledge of truth or falsehood, the latter gives the sentiment of beauty and deformity, vice and virtue." Finally, the whole position is recommended in what must seem to the modern reader strange terms: "To be a philosophic sceptic is, in a man of letters, the first and most essential step toward being a sound, believing Christian."

If it was the sight of the "bare-footed friars singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter" which provided Gibbon with his impulse of curiosity, it was his study of authors like Locke and Montesquieu which led him to formulate as he did the issue so vividly and (to him) so distressingly illustrated by that incredible spectacle. That issue, as he sees it, is one of revolution, "the memorable series of revolutions by which . . . the solid fabric of human greatness was undermined and, at length, destroyed." But, in his attempt to resolve this issue, Gibbon enjoyed the benefit of assistance which had been denied to any of his predecessors. For, if Locke had forged the "universal instrument," if Montesquieu had demonstrated its value as a method of social study, it had remained for

Hume to exploit its full possibilities as the basis for a systematic philosophy of human nature. Now, in his essay on the study of literature, Gibbon had asserted that the historian should be, in the best sense of the word, a philosopher, because the first qualification for his task is the power of perceiving the relative importance of facts. And, thereby, he perhaps forecast his own future as the Tacitus of the modern world. But if the need for philosophy is the need of a principle of discrimination, Gibbon found this in the work of a man whose mere letter of congratulation upon the publication of his first volume more than repaid him (as he proudly confesses) for the labours of ten years. In spirit and content, the philosophy of the modern Tacitus was to be that of the sceptical philosopher, Hume. And by accepting the findings of philosophic scepticism, he was enabled to put forward his views and conclusions as scientific fact without even the suspicion that he was dogmatizing. To these facts we may ascribe all that has come to be regarded as most characteristic of Gibbon. On it the strength and weakness of his interpretation depend.

THE NOVEL IN ENGLAND BETWEEN THE WARS

N. J. Endicott

ANY critic's list of the serious novelists whose books were most widely read in the early nineteen-twenties would have to include Galsworthy, Wells, Bennett, Conrad, Maugham, perhaps Huxley. But with one exception, neither the temper nor the experiments of the period were best represented by these names. While the later work of the greatest novelists is more often than not both up to date and up to level, this is not true of the Edwardians. Who would compare *The Man of Property* with Galsworthy's efforts as published in the *Cosmopolitan*, or *Of Human Bondage* with *The Painted Veil*? In the time-honoured way, it was the pleasure, if not duty, of the new writers to enlarge the gallery and empty some of the niches.

The Edwardians stemmed, for the most part, from the line of evolutionary and sociological criticism going back to the eighteen-fifties and eighteen-sixties. Those who followed them were, of course, influenced by the somewhat later enquiries and theories of anthropology and experimental psychology, and were also part of a general European literary movement. The psalmist's "I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made" is the prefatory quotation to André Gide's *L'Immoraliste*, and in his study of Dostoievsky (whose star was never so high as in the nineteen-twenties) Gide writes: "And I believe that this explains why Dostoievsky, with all his genius, has been rejected by certain intellects, in the name of occidental culture. Because one may observe that in all our occidental literature . . . the novel, with few exceptions, is occupied with the relations of men to each other, . . . but never, almost never, with those between the individual, and his self, or God. The miracle achieved by Dostoievsky is this: that each of his characters, and he created a whole race, exists first as a function of himself." The critic Benjamin Cremieux, in his *XXe Siècle, Première Série*, goes a little further. What passionately interests us, he writes, in the heroes of earlier novelists (and he names Dostoievsky with Balzac and Stendhal and others) is their *acts*. But if Proust "refuses to explain his characters by the principal acts of their lives, it is because he refuses to see in an act the faithful projection of the depths of human personality. Now it is this underlying life of his heroes that Proust means to

show us." With a different idea of the content of the buried life, D. H. Lawrence, in a letter of 1925, exclaims: "I am in entire sympathy with your idea of social images . . . there is no new-starting reality left. Nothing springs alive and new from the blood. All is chemical reaction, analysis, and precipitation of social images. One fights and fights for that living something that stirs away down . . . and creates consciousness, but the world won't have it."

In England one of the most pertinent (if often quoted) attacks in the reaction to Edwardian novelists is Virginia Woolf's paper delivered first to the Heretics Club at Cambridge, in 1924. "Here," Mrs Woolf claims,

> is the British public sitting by the writer's side and saying in its vast and unanimous way: Old women have houses. They have fathers. They have incomes. They have servants. They have hot water bottles. That is how we know they are old women. Mr Wells and Mr Bennett and Mr Galsworthy have always taught us that this is the way to recognize them. It was right that the creative activity of the Victorian age should be followed by books that make you feel that you should do something, join a society, or more desperately, write a cheque, but the Edwardians were never interested in character *in itself*, or in the book *in itself*; they laid all the emphasis on the fabric of things.

And not only do the Edwardians come in for this rebuke; we are told that even the young Georgians of just before the war, E. M. Forster and D. H. Lawrence especially, spoilt their early work because they compromised and unsuccessfully tried to combine their own intuitive understanding of the significance of personality with Galsworthy's knowledge of the Factory Acts and Bennett's knowledge of the Five Towns. A little later Lawrence might have felt the same thing himself. At all events we can see him in his turn suspicious of the "worldliness" of E. M. Forster. "Well, you can't be dead," he writes in a letter of 1922, "since here is your script. But I think you did nearly make a deadly mistake glorifying the *business* people in *Howard's End*. Business is no good." Lawrence's narrowed criteria by this time had led to an exaggerated notion of the number of what he called "corpses" walking around, but those who have read *Howard's End*, with its distaste for some aspects of middle-class industrial activity finely adjusted to Forster's equally firm understanding of the dilemma of the cultured leisured class, will all the more appreciate the absurdity of Lawrence's objections.

II

Of all the more important novelists of the period Virginia Woolf was most firmly rooted in a particular society, not, like Lawrence, Huxley and Joyce, exiled or wandering. She had a strong and sentimentalized appreciation of the gestures of the governing class: —"What is to be done about India, Ireland, or Morocco? Old gentlemen answer the question, standing decorated under chandeliers. One finds oneself surprisingly supplied with information"—but how far she went in her lack of interest, her *disbelief* in the ordinary active social world (save as it can be turned into picture) may be seen in a well-known passage in *The Waves*. It has been quoted as an example of "stream of consciousness" feeling; I wish rather to emphasize the last sentence. "Life is not a series of gig-lamps symmetrically arranged; life is a luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end. Is it not the task of the novelist to convey this varying, this unknown and uncircumscribed spirit, whatever aberration or complexity it may display, with as little mixture of the alien and external as possible?"

On top of this, as the strictures on Bennett illustrate, is an extraordinary separation through class distinction: "Old women have houses. They have fathers. They have incomes. They have servants. . . ." If the quotation seems unfair, being in part a comment on *Hilda Lessways*, consider Virginia Woolf's own description of *Mrs Dalloway*, "the portrait of an ordinary mind on an ordinary day," where "ordinary" means unprofessional, unspecialized, indeed, unoccupied; or turn (in *The Waves*) to the writer, Bernard's soliloquy: "I like the copious, shapeless, warm, not so very clever but extremely easy and rather coarse aspect of things; the talk of men in clubs and public houses, of miners half naked in drawers—the forthright perfectly unassuming and without end in view except dinner, love, money, and getting along tolerably." Club men and pub men; Virginia Woolf emphasizes the fact that if working people are shut out, "we" are more damagingly shut in, but the book unintentionally makes very plain how extensive is the author's deprivation of broader human contacts.

The world she creates from this already separated society is one of educated and cultivated people with an apparently natural inheritance of honesty, kindliness and integrity. It is a world in some ways like that of Henry James, but the scrupulous moral

dilemmas which provided James with the action necessary for a serious plot did not interest Virginia Woolf. Hers are substantially problems of temperament, of marriage, of being a woman. To Mrs Ramsay (in *To the Lighthouse*) whom instinct infallibly lures to the human race, "to make her nest in its heart," marriage is nevertheless vitally sapping, with its constant obligation to prop the ego of the male. To Lily Briscoe, the painter in the same book, passionate love is a savage immolation, and it is with "enormous exultation" that she dismisses a prospect of the milder domestic kind which would mean death by slow degrees to her life as an artist. It is a spiritual, not a physiological difficulty; men need too much supporting. The men control finance, rule India, make laws, publish poetry, conduct able academic researches, and Mrs Ramsay takes them all under her protection. Life is their oyster, and, Mrs Woolf seems to say, a man attaches great importance to his way of prying it open, decorating himself with medals or academic gowns or public acclaim.

But Virginia Woolf may be regarded, not as a novelist of character and situation, but as a lyric poet gracefully and even beautifully registering the appearance of things; perhaps doing more than this. Life, she believes, is not susceptible to the treatment we give it when we try to narrate it, and she tells us why in a paragraph so finely written that we are at least temporarily persuaded.

> It is a mistake, this extreme precision, this orderly and military progress; a convenience, a lie. There is always deep below it, even when we arrive punctually at the appointed time with our white waistcoats of polite formalities, a rushing stream of broken dreams, nursery rhymes, street cars, half finished sentences and sights,—elm trees, willow trees, gardeners sweeping, women writing—that rise and sink even as we hand a lady down to dinner. While one straightens the fork so precisely on the tablecloth a thousand faces mop and mow. There is nothing one can fish up in a spoon—nothing one can call an event. Yet it is alive too, and deep, this stream. Immersed in it, I would stop between one mouthful and the next, and look intently at a vase, perhaps with one red flower, while a reason struck me, a sudden revelation.

She has been called by both French and English critics a disciple of Bergson (whom she said she had not read) and she has been compared to Proust. Such a comparison, not in other ways profitable, may at least lead to a comment on the arguments of those who have attacked Proust and the stream of consciousness novelists generally for a supposed subjection to time and mere

appearance. "No novelist," says Mr Desmond MacCarthy, "has ever done such complete justice as Proust to the great fact that all things pass and change." "True as this is," Santayana replies (in an essay on Proust and "essence"), "it is even more important to realize that this complete absorption in the flux of sensations and abstention from all judgments about their causes and relative values, leads Proust in the end to a very remarkable perception, that the flux of phenomena is after all accidental to them and that the positive reality in each is . . . rather the intrinsic quality which it manifests, an eternal essence which may appear and reappear a thousand times. . . . An essence is simply the recognizable character of any object or feeling, all of it that can actually be possessed in sensation, or recovered in memory or translated in art, or conveyed to another mind."

"Essence" in Proust is not only not understood, it is not fully, if at all, felt at first experience; repetition, and repetition through undirected association seems to be necessary for awareness as well as understanding. This is not true in Virginia Woolf. Instead, she felt life as a circle of moments of intense apprehension, moments perhaps first experienced in childhood, and varying somewhat in content but with recurring sharp recognitions. "The great revelation had never come" (we are told in *To the Lighthouse*); "the great revelation perhaps never did come. Instead there were little daily miracles, illuminations, matches struck unexpectedly in the dark—here was one. This, that, and the other . . . in the midst of chaos there was shape; this eternal passing and flowing (she looked at the clouds going and the leaves shaking) was struck into stability."

This almost (or pseudo-) mystical experience is an interesting example of the attempt to make the artist's emotions, the artist's imposition of pattern, a substitute for religious experience of reality through ecstasy. But one thing may be emphasized. Mere registration of impressions and associations is not the purpose of Proust, Virginia Woolf, Joyce—or for that matter, any mature artist, stream of consciousness or not. Proust plainly stated that his concern was primarily in that which seemed to unfold some general laws; Joyce imposed a very elaborate, perhaps too rigid pattern on *Ulysses* to give it more value; and if Virginia Woolf's moments or glimpses are at once too fragmentary and too limited, it is because they do not rise from a consciousness deeply enough

aware of the conflicts of either social life or the passions. Her purely pictorial effects are often very vivid and accomplished, and also the picture-soliloquy catching some simple and universal (perhaps feminine) gesture: "True there's no harm in crying for one's husband, and the tombstone was a solid piece of work, and on a summer's day when the widow brought her boys to stand there one felt kindly toward her. Hats were raised higher than usual; wives tugged their husbands' arms." But good as this is, it is unjust to go further and say that *only* in such effects is her work remarkable.

III

If Virginia Woolf was a nymph of the river of consciousness, Joyce was of course its accepted god, usually seen still rising from its slime. *She* begins *The Waves* (in large part a picture of a writer's mind) with dragons and the nursery; *he*, his *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* with a child's attempts at language, bed-wetting, and the smell of his mother: his future material, in little. One interest will lead, through many arresting sentences, to the extravagant experiments of *Finnegan's Wake;* the other, to the coarser stuff admired and abused in *Ulysses.*

To Yeats, Joyce was a cistern rather than a well, and a good deal has been said about the contents of the cistern. Joyce's literary appetite was certainly astonishing enough. But granting that he had wide literary tastes and a good education, at times it seems as if some of his admirers have had neither, so amazed are they at all the fragments of information, and at the strangeness of some interests which might presumably follow naturally enough from a Jesuit training. Joyce's aesthetic, in which the element of personal frustration plays a large part, is derived from his education warped by revolt from Catholicism and Ireland. Yet if *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is definitely autobiographical, there can be no doubt that Joyce was attempting general definition, and indeed the climax of the book is to be found not in the final sentences in which the hero goes forth (as he puts it) "to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience, and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race," but rather in an earlier lucid exposition of three words from Aquinas. This is not a detached disquisition (as in a Huxley novel); it has before it the hero's life as we have seen it unroll, so that the philosophical definition is a finger post to his future path, as well as to

the whole approach in *Ulysses*. It demands quotation, with a brief statement of the context.

A romantic introspective intellectual who at times regrets not being more instinctive, Stephen Dedalus has very early found some of the differences between romantic literature and life. His family circumstances are poor and sordid, and he becomes very conscious of "the squalor of his own mind and home," and has "felt against his neck the raw edge of his turned and jagged collar." While still a boy he is so aware of his separateness that "the noise of children annoyed him, and their silly voices made him feel that he was different from them." He experiences adolescent sex in a painful and intellectually tortured way; he has a religious crisis during a retreat (that Joyce can do equally well a retreat as it affects an unreligious boy is seen in *Dubliners*); he rejects his religion, despite the fact that "in vague and sacramental rites alone his will seemed drawn forth to encounter reality." He is now facing a career and Davin, a fellow student of peasant stock, is arguing with him. (We are told by one of Joyce's friends that he was later killed in the Easter uprising, and that Joyce superstitiously felt that some of his words had taken action.)

Stephen paused and laid a friendly hand upon Davin's shoulder.

—Do you remember—he said—when we knew each other first? The first morning we met you asked me to show you the way to the matriculation class, putting a very strong accent on the first syllable. You remember? Then you used to address the jesuits as father, you remember? I ask myself about you: *Is he as innocent as his speech?*—

—I'm a simple person—said Davin—you know that. When you told me that night in Harcourt Street those things about your private life, honest to God, Stevie, I was not able to eat my dinner. I was quite bad. I was awake a long time that night. Why did you tell me those things?—

—Thanks—said Stephen—You mean I am a monster.—

—No—said Davin—but I wish you had not told me.—

A tide began to surge beneath the calm surface of Stephen's friendliness.

—This race and this country and this life produced me—he said.—I shall express myself as I am—

—Try to be one of us—repeated Davin—In your heart you are an Irishman but your pride is too powerful.—

—My ancestors threw off their language and took another—Stephen said—they allowed a handful of foreigners to subject them. Do you fancy I am going to pay in my own life and person debts they made? What for?—

—For our freedom—said Davin.

—No honourable and sincere man—said Stephen—has given up to you his life and his youth and his affections from the days of Tone to those of Parnell but you sold him to the enemy or failed him in need or reviled him and left him

for another. And you invite me to be one of you. I'd see you damn'd first.—

—They died for their ideals, Stevie—said Davin.—Our day will come yet, believe me.—

Stephen, following his own thought, was silent for an instant.

—The soul is born—he said vaguely—first in those moments I told you of. It has a slow and dark birth, more mysterious than the birth of the body. When the soul of man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I shall try to fly by those nets.—

Davin knocked the ashes from his pipe.

—Too deep for me, Stevie—he said.—But a man's country comes first. Ireland first, Stevie. You can be a poet or mystic after.—

—Do you know what Ireland is?—asked Stephen with cold violence.—Ireland is the old sow that eats her farrow.—

On top of this, and with a sort of "cold violence," characteristic of Joyce as well as of Stephen, we have an exposition and elaboration of "Ad pulcritudinem tria requiruntur, integritas, consonantia, claritas," of "the luminous silent stasis of aesthetic pleasure," and of the character and position of the artist, "like the god of creation, remaining within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his finger nails." "Trying to refine them also out of existence," as the cheerful friend Lynch remarks.

"I shall express myself as I am." That *Ulysses* is one of the most relentlessly honest books ever written, and in some ways at least one of the most tortured, if not confessional, is generally agreed. It is no wonder, therefore, that when we next meet Stephen (at the outset of *Ulysses*) he is several times described as weary. This weariness, this "cold violence" is certainly one of the most characteristic qualities of the intellectualism of the end of the century—a century which in literary history should be concluded at least fifteen years later than 1900.

Joyce shook off participation in Ireland's life and action; he knew Dublin so well, however, that he was able to achieve his expressed desire to create it fully against any possible destruction. There are of course omissions of both scene and type—some of the latter deliberate, some malicious—but it is certainly untrue to speak as if he knew only the sordid side. Nevertheless, if Joyce had only created Dublin, and thrown vivid lights on the Irish character, neither the influence of his technique nor the elaborate ingenuity of his plan would justify putting him in the first rank among recent English writers. His honesty and power

of characterization, his familiarity with an extraordinary range of ordinary interest and activity, his swift juxtapositions of ugliness and beauty, the intellectual quality and brilliance of his humour, capable at once of general comment and the creation of unforgettable types: these are the qualities which make him pre-eminent, and if the multiplicity of *Ulysses* has in our own day been most commented on, the force and concentration of certain parts, of certain phrases, will perhaps in the future be equally appreciated.

IV

Joyce has been called Rabelaisian. Save in relation to the picturesque extravagance of his humour the label is singularly inappropriate and it needs no D. H. Lawrence to tell us so. Lawrence could accept Rabelais, but Joyce (his only rival as enemy to the censor) was "old fags and cabbage stumps of various things stewed in the juice of deliberate . . . dirty-mindedness." The "social-image" world of Galsworthy—a world of Forsytes, and much worse, anti-Forsytes, and worst of all, spiritual women anti-Forsytes—was to Lawrence a world of "corpses." But intellect, as he saw it in Joyce, moving through the (to it) mere *subject* of sex was "a white festering in silence." And in this Lawrence was no respecter of names; the most famous intellectual baffled by sex, Hamlet, with his "nasty poking and sniffing at his mother," he describes as "repulsive in its conception, based on self-dislike and a spirit of disintegration."

Discussed and defended by those he most bitterly distrusted, no longer either a cult or a scandal, one is reluctant now, ten years after Lawrence's death, to explain or attack, or even attack the women friends who in crowning irony wrote their books about him. *Apropos of Lady Chatterly's Lover*, with its circular argument and substitution of incantation for reason, comes as near as was possible for him to a general synthesis of the fragments of argument and conviction scattered violently through his later books and letters. But one may legitimately prefer other statements, not lacking in vehemence, but less impure. There is, for instance (and it is natural to ask if Lawrence was not a poet first of all), the eloquence and splendour of "The Triumph of the Machine," in which, with Biblical metaphors natural only to him among modern poets, he defies both the engines of industrialism, hardening

the natural world, and also the machinery of mind, hardening the other little world of man:

They talk of the triumph of the machine,
but the machine will never triumph.

Out of the thousands and thousands of centuries of man
the unrolling of ferns, while tongues of acanthus lapping at the sun,
for one sad century
machines have triumphed, rolled us hither and thither,
hardened the earth, shaking the lark's nest till the eggs have broken.

Shaken the marshes, till the geese have gone
and the wild swans flown away, singing the swan song of us.

Hard, hard on the earth the machines are rolling,
but through some hearts they will never roll.

Ah no, in the hearts of some men there still is sanctuary
where the lark nests safely.

The lark nests in his heart,
and through the reeds of his marshy loins
swims the mallard duck at dawn, in that quick joy;
deer crask their horns in the mountains of his breast,
there are foxes in the cover of his beard.

Ah no, the machine will never triumph;
in some hearts still the sanctuaries of wild life
are quite untouched.

And at last
all the creatures that cannot die while one heart harbours them
they will hear a silence fall
as the machines fail and finish;
they will hear the faint rending of the asphalt roads
as the hornbeam pushes up his sprouts;
they will hear, far, far away the last factory hooter
send up the last wild cry of despair
as the machine breaks finally down.

And then at last
all the creatures that were driven back into the uttermost corners of the soul
they will peep forth.

This is the essential Lawrence when unperverted by his own mind and the accidents of his health and circumstances, the Lawrence of many of the poems, of the first pages of *The Man*

Who Died, of the unadulterated parts of *Sons and Lovers*, of the images of desire in *The Rainbow*. As time went on, his spontaneous celebration of life became, perhaps inevitably, so mixed with violence and hatred, that it is necessary to remember his friends' testimony to the fact that he was much of the time a man of infectious good spirits and laughter. By 1918 (and only in part as the result of marriage to a German wife) he was writing: "I want to go by myself—or with Frieda—something in the manner of a gypsy and be houseless and placeless and homeless and landless, just move apart. I *hate* and *abhor* being stuck on to any form of society." Ten years later, in his most doctrinal novel, the hero is a gamekeeper, a gamekeeper as Lawrence creates him certainly the least stuck on to any form of society. Lawrence's message was one of being, not earning a living (work, not religion, he describes as a drug), but only those who dismiss him with a shrug can fail, I think, to be exasperated or appalled by the vacuum of human irresponsibility he increasingly implies. Even the desire for personal equilibrium to be found in *Sons and Lovers* and *Aaron's Rod* he pushed further and further behind until we come to the "grim encounter" of sex—in actual expression too often the grim encounter of many words—"beyond the emotional loving plain." That Lawrence believed in his religion can hardly be doubted when we remember that (in *The Man Who Died*) he brought Christ back to earth to convert him. Better the thunderbolt hurler of the Old Testament than the Logos of the New.

V

I have left to the last the novelist who, by character, education, reading, and general interests might have been expected to be most steady, most wide and most contemporary in his awareness of the personal and political conflicts of our time. Aldous Huxley. His main theme, glanced at variously, and finally stated as a preface to *Point Counterpoint*, seems wide enough:

> Oh wearisome condition of humanity,
> Born under one law, to another bound;
> Vainly begot and yet forbidden vanity,
> Created sick, commanded to be sound.
> What meaneth Nature by these diverse laws,
> Passion and Reason, self-division cause.

In spite of which, though there is a great difference in quality of

wit and style between Huxley and those who at times seemed to rival him—Evelyn Waugh, Scott Fitzgerald, Noel Coward—and though there is Huxley the essayist and biographer, no novelist has ever brought more baggage to so small a house, or applied, as Desmond MacCarthy says, "so wide a range of reference to such limited aspects of sex."

In his preface to Lawrence's letters (1932) Huxley produces again (and apparently without a blush) the doctrine that art is pragmatically useful to the artist: "one sheds one's sicknesses in books, repeats and presents again one's emotions to be master of them." Again and still again through *Chrome Yellow* or *Antic Hay* of the early nineteen-twenties to *Point Counterpoint* and *Eyeless in Gaza* of ten years later, year after year, against nature, Huxley has caught the same sickness, and one is at least tempted to say that it is not typhoid nor malaria but measles. If one includes his essays and political theory he has thought over and around a wide circle of politics, religion, art, love; in the principal themes of his novels, however, he appears never to tire of presenting the intellectual who cannot fall in love passionately or permanently, or the different efforts of the sensualist to keep love simple and make it interesting—Bidlake or Dr Obispo.

In *Point Counterpoint* (where there is no blended melody) the solution of the problem of living and loving is loaded on to the back of a metamorphosis of Lawrence, but as the novelist of the book honestly says "always in the secret depths of his being he knew quite well that he wasn't a Catholic, or a strenuous liver, or a mystic, or a noble savage. And though he sometimes wished he were one or the other of these beings, or all of them at once, he was always secretly glad to be none of them and at liberty, even though the liberty was in a strange way a handicap and a confinement to his spirit." He is not "deep and solid" but "wide and liquid." Even more he is self-conscious and somehow, incapable, rather than intellectual—go to Joyce to see the difference. Huxley's wit, liveliness, and interest, his *culture* commenting on history or emotion, make for agreeable entertainment and a pleasant illusion of thought; but his *science* (whether physiological, chemical, or anthropological), and his odd respect for trivial facts, are most commonly merely intrusive, not shocking nor ironic. Thus (in *Point Counterpoint*) when he is on the humorous level he is genuinely amusing—in science with Lord Edward Tantamount's

evolutionary newts and asymmetrical tadpoles, in facts with the irrelevant tear which runs down Marjorie's long nose and dissolves our not very solid grief. But what is one to think of the supposed irony in the fact that sheep's guts or a flautist's ugly snout produce the inexplicable beauty of music? What is one to say about such scenes as the one in *Eyeless in Gaza*, when, with a perverse and fantastic ingenuity, Huxley introduces a good modern aeroplane (*Point Counterpoint* contains a variant with only a motor car) for the express purpose of dropping a dog to fall a bloody squash on a roof near a pair of lovers? His honesty and idealism are very plain, but a reader might well conclude that it was not such a misfortune that the nineteen-twenties were for him as a novelist inhabited by bright young people and plutocratic Bohemia—better subjects for light satire, and easier to reach than "passion and reason." Even in *After Many a Summer*, though there is sympathetic treatment of share-croppers and much discussion of the conflicting forces of egoism and understanding, the Dr Obispo theme (the old one of the sensualist trying to keep the game amusing), figures far too prominently. Also, things being as they are, it is a little too ironic to have a travelling intellectual prescribing the good life as one of "non-personality, timelessness, and peace."

VI

In 1928 Mr Desmond MacCarthy, editor of one of the best and most characteristic literary journals of the time, *Life and Letters*, wrote: "The other prophets, Shaw and Wells, have done their work. I see no trace of their influence any longer on the creative as opposed to the passive section of the young generation. The young writers are interested in personal, not in social problems." Many editors of the time might have written in this vein. Eight years later—but with the depression and early preparations for the next war intervening—Mr Philip Henderson, in an equally characteristic criticism of 1936, wrote: "The purpose of the most vital novel is and always has been to change mankind and society. To-day the tendency is to take the attitude of Proust still further, for literature to become still more abstracted and introspective, to fly to the past, the future, to fantasy. It is precisely this evasion of social relations that is responsible for the present devitalized condition of the English novel."

Some of the writers stigmatized for turning to the past, future and fantasy are novelists of distinction and seriousness. Moreover, there were obvious signs of renewed political and social interest; the abused "Bloomsbury group," for instance, was quite aware of the political situation. But it was natural that Henderson, with his eyes turned toward the United States, should point a contrast. Even after further acceleration in England Dos Passos and Steinbeck loom much larger than James Hanley, Walter Greenwood or Ralph Bates. One reason is very plain. In the United States, in the early twenties, Sinclair Lewis was doing what Galsworthy had done in England in 1906; the development, therefore, not only to *It Can't Happen Here*, but also to the more explosive comment of Dos Passos or Steinbeck (and, of course, Odets, Irwin Shaw and others) was uninterrupted, and gathered force from the depression, while at the same time O'Neill, Anderson, Faulkner and others explored psychologically.

But it is not necessary to demand of the novelist what Henderson demands, nor possible to become a "proletarian" writer. Even without the conditions leading directly to the war, it was inevitable that a period where so much of the emphasis was laid on self would soon be followed and corrected by a realization that action is interesting and profoundly revealing, and that the world of ambition and greed and injustice, of courage and religion and work is the world in which people live. Even in a book of the type of which Philip Henderson disapproves (perhaps for our time rightly), in John Collier's *Tom's a Cold*, one may see the return from self to the world. *Tom's a Cold* (1933) is a tragic tale, not a sociological study, of a corner of England reduced to primitive conditions by modern total war, with only a thin thread of civilization surviving among some of the elders. In the treacheries of tribal war the hero, one of the young men, has lost his friend, Crab, and also his captured but loved wife. "It's a *terrible* life," is the final comment of the book, but just before, we have this: "If I show you that only thoughts and plans have shape, and the rest, Crab, myself, are only things glimpsed in darkness, as unknowable as that girl was, will you hold by that?" "If you could show me that, my dear Father," says the hero, "I'd cut some shape into things, if it was out of the living flesh. Yours too."

BURKE AND THE TOTALITARIAN SYSTEM

P. L. Carver

THE despondent generation which once accepted appeasement as a policy and Mr Neville Chamberlain as a statesman has undergone a salutary chastening. We find ourselves living in an age of great events, great actions, and even great speeches. It is as if the march of time had taken a turn backward to the age of Austerlitz and Trafalgar. We have seen a more diabolical Napoleon arise in Europe, and a more heroic Pitt in this country. We have seen guns frowning and blazing at each other across the Straits of Dover, and have heard rumours of flat-bottomed barges collected at Boulogne. We have even realized an earlier nightmare, which the age of Pitt would have thought fantastic:

> Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
> And pours down mischief.[1]

Though our Waterloo may still be far distant we have already witnessed the discomfiture of the airy devil in one of the decisive battles of the world; for there can be little doubt that the future historian will accord that dignity to the victory of the Royal Air Force in the autumn of 1940.

In this congenial atmosphere it is possible to read the greater pronouncements of Burke with a certain sympathy—to use the word in its literal sense—hardly to be attained in more tranquil times. Both Buckle[2] and Lord Morley[3] think it inexcusable that Burke should have quarrelled with Fox because of a disagreement about the French Revolution. It has always been an unwritten law of party warfare—the only kind of warfare which these historians knew by experience—that political differences shall never be allowed to interfere with personal friendships, and a Cabinet Minister usually had as many friends among the Opposition as on his own side of the House; but that law, like some more formal enactments, is suspended at times of real crisis, and we should certainly be scandalized if we knew of a member of the present government who was on intimate terms with an admirer of the Nazi system.

[1] *King John*, Act III, Sc. 2.
[2] *History of Civilization in England*, 1858, I, 426.
[3] *Burke* (English Men of Letters), 1888, 263-5.

That is one example of several accusations which answer themselves when they are examined in the light of more recent events. Another is that Burke's careful literary craftsmanship is incompatible with perfect spontaneity, and therefore, it is darkly hinted, with perfect sincerity. Lord Morley records with wonder that "Burke revised, erased, moderated, strengthened, emphasized, wrote and re-wrote with indefatigable industry"; that "he lingered busily, pen in hand, over paragraphs and phrases, antitheses and apothegms"; that he was "unwearied in this insatiable correction and alteration." We should not think that remarkable today. In Lord Morley's time it was generally agreed that the only genuine inspiration is the inspiration of the moment, and the highest praise that could be bestowed upon an orator was that he had spoken fluently for some incredible number of hours without a note. "The secret of eloquence," as Lord Lytton was fond of saying, "is to be in earnest." The present generation is more likely to approve of Burke's habit of filing and polishing. Mr Winston Churchill has never made any secret of the fact that his more important speeches are prepared to the last hesitation, and we have frequently heard it announced from America that President Roosevelt was putting the finishing touches to a projected address to the nation. If the spoken word may be so elaborated in advance there can be still less objection to the revision of a manuscript intended for the printer.

These, it is true, are trifling matters. A more serious accusation, which cannot be answered in a few words, is that Burke's hatred of the French Revolution led him to repudiate all the political wisdom which he had acquired in thirty years. Lord Morley, while admitting some excuses, joins in the charge of inconsistency with rhetorical gusto.

> What has become of the doctrine that all great public collections of men . . . "possess a marked love of virtue and an abhorrence of vice"? Why was the French Assembly not to have the benefit of this admirable generalisation? What has become of all those sayings about the presumption, in all disputes between nations and rulers, "being at least on a par in favour of the people"; and a populace never rebelling from passion for attack, but from impatience of suffering? And where is now that strong dictum, in the letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol, that "general rebellions and revolts of a whole people never were *encouraged*, now or at any time; they are always *provoked*"?[4]

Here again the conditions of our own day may afford some en-

[4] *Ibid.*, 243-4.

lightenment, though the parallel is not so simple and obvious as in the two former cases.

There is one answer to the charge of inconsistency which must be considered more damaging to Burke's reputation than the indictment itself, though it has satisfied many of his admirers. It is, in effect, that Burke was not a rational person. His mind, it is said, was ruled by his emotions. His impulses were generous and noble, and in a pitched battle between good and evil he would have rendered memorable service; but party divisions seldom present the clear-cut simplicity of the point at issue between St George and the dragon, and Burke's gorgeous imagination and overpowering eloquence might be as dangerous to the truth which he wished to uphold as to the error which he wished to demolish. Macaulay, while acknowledging the excellence of his intentions, considers that he was "led into extravagance by a tempestuous sensibility which domineered over all his faculties."[5] Lord Morley quotes an unnamed critic who describes Burke as "a resplendent and far-seeing rhetorician, rather than a deep and subtle thinker," and another who declares that "it would be hard to find a single leading principle or prevailing sentiment in one half of these works, to which something extremely adverse cannot be found in the other half."[6] More recently Sir Walter Raleigh has extolled his imagination almost to equality with Shakespeare's, but adds that "it is useless . . . to look in Burke for any statement of abstract principles of government."[7] A contrary view is taken by Leslie Stephen, who maintains that Burke is "primarily a philosopher, and therefore instinctively sees the illustration of a general law in every particular fact."[8]

It must be admitted that there are many passages in Burke's writings which seem to support the case made out by his candid friends, and to lend a certain air of paradox to Leslie Stephen's opinion. He constantly fulminates against philosophers, theorists, calculators, men of speculation, as if it were a crime to pursue an argument to its logical conclusion. He believed, as is well known, that the fabric of society and the development of its institutions from age to age are guided by a mysterious Providence whose ends

[5]Essay on Warren Hastings.
[6]*Burke*, 1-2.
[7]*Some Authors*, 1923, 317-18, 323.
[8]*Hours in a Library*, ed. 1907, III, 251.

are beyond the understanding of men, and whose ways are past finding out. This ruling power is not out of harmony with human wisdom, if by human wisdom we mean the collective wisdom of nations and generations, but it is not accountable to human reason. We need not enquire into the foundations of this faith, which is of the nature of a theological creed. What is of immediate interest in Burke's disparagement of reason is the meaning which he attaches to the word. "We are afraid," he says in the *Reflections*, "to put men to live and trade each on his own private stock of reason; because we suspect that the stock in each man is small, and that the individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations and of ages."[9]

That is a hard saying. If reason can exist in stocks and be assigned to individuals in greater or smaller quantities it may be, as Burke contends it is, inferior to prejudice; but that is an argument which the modern reader can hardly follow with patience. Reason is correctly defined as the faculty by which we perceive truth, and the test of a rational conclusion is that it is eternally and universally true. Everyone knows that this faculty is imperfect in all human beings, and weaker in some than in others; but to say of a person in whom it is deficient that his stock of reason is small is equivalent to saying of a sufferer from partial blindness that he has but a small stock of eyesight. The false metaphor is the sign of a false conception.

If the statement is to be intelligible we must be careful to take the word *reason* in the sense which Burke intended, remembering that he was a man of his time. What he says of reason is true of another and humbler faculty which can, without absurdity, be imagined as existing in the form of a personal possession, or "private stock." It is the faculty which Plato called *faith*,[10] which the mediaeval philosophers called the *estimative* power, which Coleridge—wrongly supposing that he had made an original discovery—called *understanding* in contradistinction to reason, and which is generally, today, called *common sense*. In the affairs of ordinary life it is of immeasurable value, for without it we should never be able to learn by experience; but when it encroaches on the domain of abstract thought, where it has no right to be, it can be a dangerous enemy to truth. It condemns as "ridiculous nonsense" every pre-

[9] *Works*, ed. 1852, IV, 222.

[10] *Republic*, conclusion of Book VI.

diction or discovery which contradicts its assumptions: that machines may fly in the air, that carriages may run without horses, that water is a compound of two gases, that the earth is not flat. Dr Johnson kicked a stone into the road to prove the real existence of matter. Common sense rushes in where reason fears to tread.

When Pope declared with affected modesty that he "stooped to truth, and moralized his song," he meant by *truth* precisely what Burke meant by a "stock of reason": a collection of empirical rules gathered by common sense from experience. It is that practical wisdom which embodies itself naturally in proverbs, and which a literary artist may fashion into epigrams. We can hardly wish for a better definition of an epigram than Pope has given in the line "What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed"; and it is because he makes this "true wit" the substance of his verses that he will always rank at an infinite distance below Wordsworth and Coleridge, who are essentially rational. The truth to which one stoops, and to which the reader assents at the first glance, is not the truth of reason; it is the partial truth of an age, limited by circumstances and often invalidated by the different circumstances of the succeeding age. Is it an infallible rule that "the proper study of mankind is man"? Is it only the poor Indian who "sees God in trees and hears him in the wind"? Is it certain that "order is Heaven's first law"? Who that is not prepared to define knowledge and to say how much constitutes a little can profess to know whether "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing"? In Pope's time, almost exactly bridging the interval between the Revolution of 1688 and the Rebellion of 1745, it may have been a safe generalization that only fools contest for forms of government, and that "that which is best administered is best," but do we agree today that forms of government are of no importance? Democracy and Naziism are both forms of government, and we are not fighting the greatest war in history merely because we think that democracy is better administered.

It is natural to turn to the *Essay on Man* for illustrations of that false reason which Burke distrusted; for most of the "true wit" which Pope dresses to advantage was supplied by Bolingbroke, and Burke's opposition to Bolingbroke and all his works is a fundamental fact which explains much that has puzzled his biographers. Lord Morley, speaking of the *Vindication of Natural Society*, remarks that "the study of Bolingbroke which preceded

this excellent imitation left a permanent mark, and traces of Bolingbroke were never effaced from the style of Burke."[11] That is true, but more important than his imitation of Bolingbroke's style is his early rejection of Bolingbroke's political doctrine. Lord Morley continues:

> The most interesting fact about this spirited performance is, that it is a satirical literary handling of the great proposition which Burke enforced, with all the thunder and lurid effulgence of his most passionate rhetoric, five and thirty years later. This proposition is that the world would fall into ruin, "if the practice of all moral duties, and the foundations of society, rested upon having their reasons made clear and demonstrative to every individual."[12]

In other words, the argument of the *Vindication* anticipates almost verbally the argument of the *Reflections*, though the long interval had been crowded with events which might have induced a modern Solon to reconsider some of his convictions. This rare triumph of consistency can hardly have been achieved without the guidance of reason, and yet it is in his denial of the authority of reason that Burke is consistent. The apparent contradiction presents no difficulty if we remember the distinction between universal reason and the "private stock" of reason belonging to each individual, or what we have preferred to call common sense.

Lord Morley has not made that distinction, and it seems to one reader that in failing to interpret his use of the word *reason* he fails to interpret Burke. It is true that Burke himself has not given a formal definition, and seems generally content to mean by *reason* what Bolingbroke had meant by it; but there is one passage in which he speaks of common sense, though not by that name, in terms which might have been suggested by a critical study of the *Essay on Man*. It occurs in the course of his defence of the party system in the *Present Discontents*. "It is an advantage," he says, "to all narrow wisdom and narrow morals, that their maxims have a plausible air; and, on a cursory view, appear equal to first principles. They are light and portable. They are as current as copper coin; and about as valuable. They serve equally the first capacities and the lowest; and they are, at least, as useful to the worst men as to the best. Of this stamp is the cant of *Not men, but measures;* a sort of charm by which many people get loose from every honour-

[11] *Burke*, 20.

[12] *Ibid.*, 21. The quotation is from the Preface which Burke wrote for the second edition of the *Vindication*, published in 1765.

able engagement."[13] We all know these questionable maxims. They are known today as "slogans."[14] They are not the product of reason, and Burke shows himself aware of the fact by speaking of their inferiority to first principles.

It is in his comments on the section of the *Present Discontents* from which this extract is taken that Lord Morley is most disappointing. Earlier in the chapter he has reminded us that "it was Bolingbroke . . . of whom Burke was thinking, when he sat down to the composition of his tract," Bolingbroke's *Patriot King* being "the fountain of the new doctrines, which Burke trained his party to understand and to resist."[15] So far all is well. Coming to "the remarkable vindication of Party, which fills the last dozen pages of the pamphlet," Lord Morley feels compelled to admit that Bolingbroke has made out a strong case, which he strengthens still further by adding some arguments of his own.[16] How, then, one is led to enquire, does Burke defend the party system against so powerful an attack? According to Lord Morley, he does not defend it. "Nothing is more easy to demolish by the bare logical reason. But Burke cared nothing about the bare logical reason, until it had been clothed in convenience and custom, in the affections on one side, and experience on the other."[17] The truth is that Burke was supremely competent to meet subtlety with subtlety; but on this occasion it was not "the bare logical reason," properly so called, which supplied the arguments of his opponent: it was that narrow wisdom and those narrow morals whose maxims may sometimes, but only on a cursory view, "appear equal to first principles."

The omniscient Lecky tells us that the catchword "Not men, but measures" was current among the followers of Chatham.[18] That is a significant fact, for Chatham had come into public life as the disciple of Bolingbroke, and, though his practice was better than his theory, believed profoundly in the principles of the *Patriot*

[13] *Works*, III, 170-1.

[14] Incorrectly, because a slogan is the name of a Highland chief used as a battle-cry by his followers.

[15] *Burke*, 70.

[16] *Ibid.*, 75-6.

[17] *Ibid.*, 76.

[18] *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, 1882, III, 198. In the previous chapter (103) Shelburne is quoted as writing to Rockingham: "As to my future conduct, your lordship will pardon me if I say 'measures, not men,' will be the rule of it."

King. Lecky thinks that "few things are more melancholy in English history than that Chatham and Burke should never have been cordially united."[19] The reason, one would suppose, is that Bolingbroke's conception of the art of government, approved by the one and detested by the other, constituted an impassable barrier. Lecky does not offer that explanation, but he mentions some facts which clearly suggest it. Chatham's "avowed design," he says, "of breaking up parties, his incapacity of acting steadily with any connection, his preference for ministers formed out of isolated politicians detached from different connections, the obsequious reverence he repeatedly showed for the Sovereign, his manifest wish in at least one period of his life to employ the political influence of the Court to destroy the cohesion of aristocratical factions, were all in the highest degree offensive to Burke."[20]

These differences may appear trivial. In reality they are fundamental. The essential feature of the English system of government as we know it today is the united Cabinet, speaking with one voice and jointly responsible for every public act of each of its members. Nominally it is appointed by the King, and consists of the King's personal advisers, or ministers; in practice it is chosen by the Prime Minister as the leader of the predominant party in Parliament, and depends on the support of that party for its political existence. Now in Chatham's time this system was at a very early stage of its evolution, and, if Chatham had had his way, would never have come into being. The alternative was the system recommended by Bolingbroke. The Patriot King of Bolingbroke's imagination would be exactly like a modern Dictator, except that he would retain the royal title and the pomp and show of royalty. He would not revive the discredited doctrine of Divine Right, but, professing to embody the will of the nation in himself, he would exercise absolute power. It follows that he would not tolerate the existence of a united Cabinet drawn from one party, for such a body, supported by the House of Commons, would be in a position to dispute his right to speak for the nation. He must be free to choose his ministers at his own discretion, from all parties or from none;[21]

[19] *Ibid.*, 192.

[20] *Ibid.*, 198.

[21] As Burke expresses it, "the rule for forming administrations is mere personal ability, . . . taken by draughts from every division and denomination of public men" (*Works*, IV, 167).

he would expect them to have the outlook of civil servants, to confine themselves to the affairs of their several departments, and to have no opinion in common on matters of high policy.

Chatham's "avowed design of breaking up parties" is, therefore, the natural result of his devotion to the principles of Bolingbroke. His preference for ministers "detached from different connections" proves his aversion to the Cabinet system. His "obsequious reverence" for the Sovereign follows naturally. So does his desire "to destroy the cohesion of aristocratical factions"; for the only party capable of forming a Cabinet with a corporate will of its own was the party of Rockingham, which Burke supported. That party consisted mainly of the powerful Whig families descended from the authors of the Revolution.

The judgment of time on this question has been given in favour of Burke, for the Cabinet system has remained. It was seriously challenged for the last time in 1839, and it might be said with but a slight stretch of fancy that the debate was conducted by the shades of Chatham and Burke speaking in the persons of Macaulay and Peel. Macaulay quoted with great effect Chatham's assertion that "there never was an instance of an united Cabinet," and his rhetorical question, "When were the minds of twelve men ever cast in one and the same mould?" Peel replied, according to Trevelyan, "with a feeble and partial argument, set off by a fine quotation from Burke."[22] Perhaps we must admit that here again common sense is on the side of Chatham. The fact remains that Burke has proved to be the truer prophet, for the principle which he advocated almost alone in 1770 was found, in spite of Macaulay, to be firmly established in 1839, and it is still more firmly established today. It would be manifestly absurd to say that this vindication proves the superiority of prejudice or blind instinct to reason, although, as we have seen, Burke himself, influenced by

[22] *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, ed. 1889, 385. Trevelyan's comment shows that even at the date of his book, 1876, he did not regard the question as finally settled: "To this day there remains unanswered Macaulay's protest against the cruelty of needlessly placing men in a position where they must be false, either to their personal convictions, or to a factitious theory of Ministerial obligation;—a protest which has still greater force when directed against the extravagant impolicy of bringing the immense weight and authority of the Treasury bench to influence the vote upon an abstract motion, which can have no possible value, except in so far as it affords a genuine and unbiassed indication of Parliamentary opinion."

Bolingbroke's terminology, has used language apparently justifying that paradoxical conclusion. We must prefer to say that it proves the superiority of the intuitive reason to the common sense of Bolingbroke.

Chatham lived long enough to see that he had been wrong in encouraging the youthful George III to play the Patriot King. The experiment opened the most dismal chapter in modern English history, beginning with a complication of domestic troubles enough to provoke a revolution and ending with the separation of America. Looking back upon that disastrous episode, we lightly assumed, until a few years ago, that the evil of despotism had been drained to the dregs, and that nothing worse was possible. We no longer cherish that comforting illusion. Exactly seventy years ago Bishop Lightfoot could begin a lecture on "Christian Life in the Second and Third Centuries" with these words: "Living, as we do, in an age when the rights of the individual are loudly proclaimed and scrupulously respected, it is difficult for us to conceive the tyranny which in ancient times the State exercised over the thoughts and actions of the subject."[23] Living, as we do, in 1942, we should be infinitely happier if it were difficult to conceive these things. Unfortunately it is only too easy. In the last three years we have learnt more about the possibilities of human degradation than Lightfoot's researches could have discovered in a lifetime. We have seen the curse of Hitler descend upon a whole continent. Compared with this the plagues of the Middle Ages were a light affliction. This is the pestilence of the intellect, the Black Death of the soul.

What we are witnessing in Europe today is the doctrine of the Patriot King carried out in practice to its extreme limit. The differences are merely superficial. It is of no importance to Hitler whether he chooses to call himself a King or whether he prefers such titles as Chancellor, *Führer* or Dictator. What's in a name? Nor is it essential, as we shall have occasion to notice again, that a Patriot King should come to the throne by hereditary succession. Bolingbroke was never tired of pouring scorn upon the doctrine of Divine Right, for it would have been inconsistent with his system of natural religion to believe in the intervention of Providence in human affairs. All Kings, he argues, are and must be elected,

[23] *Historical Essays*, 1895, 26. The quotation is from a reprinted lecture delivered in 1872.

either immediately or remotely, "for in hereditary monarchies, where men are not elected, families are." It follows that "every prince who comes to a crown in the course of succession, were he the last of five hundred, comes to it under the same conditions under which the first took it, whether expressed or implied."[24] A house painter, therefore, is perfectly eligible for the seat of authority if the people desire his elevation; and there is sufficient evidence, whatever may be said about the manipulation of elections, that the German people did desire the Führership of Hitler.

We have seen that the system of Bolingbroke is incompatible with the existence of parties, and, therefore, incompatible with the exercise of responsibility by a united Cabinet. The duty of a Patriot King is "to espouse no party, but to govern like the common father of his people." He will "put himself at the head of his people in order to govern, or more properly to subdue, all parties."[25] Probably with this or some similar passage present to his mind, King George in 1766 expressed the hope that "the Earl of Chatham will zealously give his aid towards destroying all party distinctions and restoring that subordination to government which can alone preserve that inestimable blessing, liberty, from degenerating into licentiousness."[26] We have seen that policy carried out in Germany in a manner which left no room for argument and no need for soothing platitudes. It cannot be counted as a departure from Bolingbroke's rule that the Nazi party was not subdued with the rest, for that party seems to consist of Hitler himself and his chosen underlings, and to be indistinguishable from the State. What has become of the others is a mystery, perhaps not to be revealed until the walls of concentration camps can speak. All that we can say with certainty is that they have been subdued.

Dictators, as we know, have a short way with Parliaments. They abolish them at one stroke. In Bolingbroke's age and country that would have been impossible, and no politician who hoped to be taken seriously would have proposed it; but if the King is to rule actively, as the common father of his people, it is difficult to see how the House of Commons can perform any function that would not be either obstructive or merely redundant. Bolingbroke's

[24] *Idea of a Patriot King;* in Bolingbroke, *Works,* ed. 1841, II, 392.

[25] *Ibid.,* II, 401-2.

[26] Quoted from *Chatham Correspondence,* by Erskine May, *Constitutional History of England,* I, 40.

proposal is, in fact, a practical compromise. He has no objection to a harmless assembly of representatives, but he insists upon the necessity of frequent and regular elections, "by which there is not sufficient time given, to form a majority of the representatives of the people into a ministerial cabal; or by which, if this should happen, such a cabal must be soon broken."[27] As a safeguard against the formation of parties and the emergence of a Cabinet he would have annual Parliaments if possible, or, at the most, triennial.[28] Burke, as we should expect, is of a different opinion. If this is due to another of his prejudices there must have been as much method in his prejudices as in Hamlet's madness. "With great truth I may aver," he says in the *Present Discontents*, "that I never remember to have talked on this subject with any man much conversant with public business, who considered short parliaments as a real improvement of the constitution."[29]

Let us do justice to Bolingbroke. In spite of a certain admixture of low ambition and petty jealousy, his principal motives were not discreditable. No one supposes that he foresaw all the evil consequences which his theory might produce if carried to lengths beyond his contemplation in a later and a different age. His fault, on the contrary, is that he did not foresee them; and that is a fault not of the heart but of the intellect. He mistook the circumstances of the moment for the eternal order, and the promptings of common sense for eternal truth. In attempting to be rational he succeeded only in being logical within the limits of an isolated proposition. Burke, who was impatient of logical propositions, is profoundly and comprehensively rational. Sir Walter Raleigh is right when he says that Burke has left no statement of the abstract principles of government. For that we must look to Bolingbroke, and to those spiritual descendants of Bolingbroke who tell us that "all our past proclaims our future." While Bolingbroke explains everything in heaven and earth as if he were conducting a party of tourists round the universe, Burke is conscious of an unfolding purpose not to be apprehended except in its fulfilment. "When I thought to know this it was too painful for me, until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end."[30]

[27] *Works*, II, 101.
[28] *Ibid.*, 103.
[29] *Works*, III, 162.
[30] *Psalm* 73, 16-17.

Burke's biographers, and those historians who have assessed his contribution to political thought, have generally left Bolingbroke out of account when they have come to consider the *Reflections on the French Revolution*. The reader gathers the impression that it is only in the *Vindication of Natural Society*, and, to a much lesser degree, in the *Present Discontents*, that Burke shows himself aware of Bolingbroke's existence. It is important to notice that the theory of the Patriot King, although a coherent whole as the author expounds it, admits of two widely different interpretations according to changes of emphasis. That the King should rule autocratically, as the common father of his people, unhampered by Cabinets, Parliaments, or organized parties, is a doctrine which appeals to one section of opinion; that he derives his authority ultimately from the people and owes his throne to election, with the implication that he may be deposed if he should disappoint the expectations of the electors, appeals to a different section, at the other extreme. Burke's opposition to Bolingbroke's whole scheme, in all its ramifications, is the test of his consistency. He had been among the foremost critics of the policy of George III in his character of Patriot King, and especially the policy which led to the War of Independence; but he had never asserted that the errors of the Monarch or his friends could justify the people in destroying the inherited Constitution and taking the power of government into their own hands.

The doctrine which Burke sets out to challenge and refute at the beginning of the *Reflections* is attributed to Dr Price and the Revolution Society, but Bolingbroke would have recognized it as his own. It has already been noticed in the course of this article. It is, "as applied to the Prince now on the British throne," that "if his Majesty does not owe his crown to the choice of his people, he is no lawful king."[31] Burke does not overlook the distinction, also anticipated by Bolingbroke, between immediate and remote election. "When they say the king owes his crown to the choice of his people, and is therefore the only lawful sovereign in the world, they will perhaps[32] tell us they mean to say no more than that some of the king's predecessors have been called to the throne by some sort

[31]*Works*, IV, 161.

[32]The word *perhaps* is significant. Dr Price does not use this argument, so far as I can discover, and that makes it all the more probable that Burke was thinking of Bolingbroke.

of choice; and therefore he owes his crown to the choice of his people." This he describes as "a miserable subterfuge." He then proceeds to examine the "three fundamental rights" alleged to have been established in England by the Revolution of 1688, and now to be established in France: "To choose our own governors"; "to cashier them for misconduct"; "to frame a government for ourselves." If we were to add as a fourth the right of the King to rule despotically so long as he is allowed to rule at all we should have here the whole essence of Bolingbroke's system. The friends of the French Revolution did not, of course, make that addition. The autocratic features of the *Patriot King* were neglected by the Radicals, just as the democratic features had been neglected by the Tories. Burke saw the scheme as a whole and opposed it as a whole, in whatever form it might appear.

It is often said, and with some degree of justice, that Burke was deficient in exact knowledge of the social conditions which preceded the French Revolution. "The simple truth," as Lord Morley expresses it, is that he "did not know enough of the subject about which he was writing."[33] It is all the more unfortunate, for that reason, that throughout long sections of the work he involves himself in masses of detail which tend to obscure his leading principles. This defect has the further disadvantage that it has led critics of a later age, with better sources of information at their disposal, to scrutinize the *Reflections* page by page in the manner of an examiner, awarding marks for correct statements and withholding them for errors, and arriving in this way at a mechanical percentage of merit. At some stages it seems doubtful whether the candidate can hope to secure his place in the pass list, but his prospects are saved by a brilliant flash of insight, deserving of high credit. The following passage, it is said, is a clear prophecy of the rise of Napoleon:

> If the present project of a republic should fail, all securities to a moderated freedom fail along with it; all the indirect restraints which mitigate despotism are removed; insomuch that if monarchy should ever again obtain an entire ascendency in France, under this or under any other dynasty, it will probably be, if not voluntarily tempered, at setting out, by the wise and virtuous counsels of the prince, the most completely arbitrary power that has ever appeared on earth. This is to play a most desperate game.[34]

It was natural in the last century that the mere phrase "arbitrary power" should evoke thoughts of Napoleon. We think less

[33] *Burke*, 235.

[34] *Works*, IV, 303-4.

of Napoleon today, and are inclined to examine Burke's prediction more carefully in its context. A true prophet, as distinguished from a magician or soothsayer, not only foresees what will happen but foresees how and why it will happen, and the causes which seemed, in Burke's view, to tend to the creation of a new tyranny, have no resemblance to those which actually created the Napoleonic Empire. Even in the throes of the Revolution France never ceased to be a united nation and a formidable power, and Napoleon appeared as the symbol of strength, not of weakness. Burke believed that the country was in a state of chaos, and threatened with impending dissolution. He speaks of its "present disgraceful and deplorable situation" as one of "servitude, anarchy, bankruptcy, and beggary." The new electoral scheme, he says, "has a direct and immediate tendency to sever France into a variety of republics." This is the policy of conquerors, and Burke observes that the present rulers "treat France exactly like a country of conquest." They have imposed upon the nation the kind of freedom which the Romans imposed upon Greece and Macedon. "They destroyed the bonds of their union, under colour of providing for the independence of each of their cities."[35]

In most of these particulars Burke was wrong, but he was right in his guiding principles. Had the state of France been as he supposed it to be in 1790, the consequences which he predicted would have followed. Anarchy and misery would have ended in despotism. That is confirmed by the events of our own day. The truth is that the system of the Patriot King cannot for long be inverted into the system of the Patriot Proletariat. At the first shock the pyramid will right itself; a new Dictator will take possession of the peak, and the people, sovereign though they may be in theory, will sink into servitude at the base. We have seen that rule exemplified several times within the last twenty years: in Italy under Mussolini, in Spain under Franco, in Finland under Mannerheim, in Rumania under Antonescu, as well as in Germany under Hitler.[36]

[35] *Ibid.*, 301.

[36] I do not include Russia, because Stalin, apparently, is not an irresponsible Dictator like Hitler and Mussolini, and could not frame his policy without regard to the powerful force of opinion finding expression in the Soviets; but I speak of mysteries which few people outside Russia have penetrated, and which I cannot profess to understand.

What, then, shall we say of France? A century and a half after the Revolution, we have seen just that condition of chaos, turmoil and division which Burke foresaw in 1790. In the last years before the present war the country seemed to be breaking up, not into separate states, as Burke had imagined, but into separate societies: the Freemasons, the League of the Rights of Man, the Republican Federation, the League of the Republic.[37] The central government could not enforce taxation, and with each unavailing attempt its authority was weakened. Prime Ministers came and went in an endless procession. The Cabinet, which seemed to be chosen almost at random, and always from the same group of individuals, had no principles in common, for the principles upon which parties had once been founded had disintegrated into the wearisome jargon of the Right, the Left and the Centre.[38]

The time was not far distant when France would find a Patriot King or personal ruler of some kind, and be treated, even if it had not been conquered, "exactly like a country of conquest." The war hastened the event, but cannot be said to have caused it. It appears, then, that Burke's prediction was not fulfilled, in spite of Lecky and Lord Morley, by the monstrous Empire of Napoleon. This the student of history will discover; but the reader of today's newspaper will find that something very much like that prediction has been realized in the feeble dictatorship of Marshal Pétain. The decrepit Quisling of Vichy has declared that he finds nothing in the Nazi system that he cannot heartily approve.

[37]See Professor J. S. Will's very enlightening article on "The Collapse of France," in the QUARTERLY for October, 1940, which lends itself to comparison with the section of the *Reflections* from which I have quoted.

[38]These terms are said to have originated in the physical structure of the French Chamber, which was shaped like a horseshoe, so that members could stroll the whole distance from the seats on the President's right to those on his left by continuous progression, or rest anywhere on the way. It is regrettable that some misguided journalists have attempted to introduce the same terms into English politics, where they have no meaning. The House of Commons is arranged to accommodate two parties, Government and Opposition, and it is only on the rarest occasions that a Member has been known to "cross the floor." Even in the abnormal circumstances of today Mr Churchill is still, for Parliamentary purposes, the leader of a party, though that party comprises about ninety-eight per cent of the House.

VIRGIL, BEATRICE, AND THE POETRY OF DANTE

ULRICH LEO

AWARE as I am—and rather regretfully—that I have written many pages on Dante in which I have quoted his critics often, but himself only here and there,[1] I should like for a while, to get away from theoretical discussion and scientific criticism of his poetry to the poetry itself. And so let us now speak about Dante and no longer of Dante science. And let us consider two of his most famous characters as poetical personages only, avoiding everything that has been said or can be said unpoetically as to their allegorical, philosophical, or theological significance, or as to their sources in previous literature and the history of ideas.

In the above-mentioned articles such "problems" have their place, but now we are no longer concerned to know whether Beatrice is the Church, Inner Illumination, the Active Intellect, Theology, Divine Grace, or perhaps Poetry;[2] or whether Virgil is Reason or the State; whether both of them are the Guardian Angels of the poet; whether Virgil belongs to the Middle Ages instead of to ancient Rome, or whether Beatrice was a real woman or not, since there are busybodies who doubt even that. We are concerned only with the poetical and human representation of the two guides of Dante in his poem, and with the contrast between their poetical natures. For our own purpose we shall do our best to restrict our attention to that which any reader can read in the poem, without quoting commentaries or monographs, and, on the other hand, not caring whether we repeat things that have already been said by others: by this time there cannot be many things that have

[1] I mean particularly the recent articles: "*Divina Comedia*, realidad e intuición" (*El Universal*, Caracas, Oct. and Nov., 1938) and "Ensayo sobre la unidad poética en Dante" (*Filosofía y letras*, Revista de la Universidad Nacional de México, IV, 1941). The present article on Virgil and Beatrice may be considered to be an essay in the practical application of the views previously expressed.

[2] Of the many books dealing with these questions, it will be sufficient to mention one old one, Perez, *La Beatrice Svelata* (Palermo, 1865), and one new one Mandonnet, *Dante le théologien* (Paris, 1935). For Beatrice as Poetry, see Theodor Absil in *Deutsches Dante Jahrbuch*, XVIII (1936), 149, and the review in *Archivum Romanicum*, 1938, 142.

not been said. While thus confining our attention to the poetry of Dante, we shall nevertheless find, after noting some peculiarities and imperfections in the famous figure of Beatrice, that his poetry can best be understood by turning again to consider the truth and reality of the other world, and the character of prophetic visionary which our Catholic poet has revealed in his personages.

I. Virgil

Virgil, the guide of Dante through Hell and up to the summit of the Mountain of Purgatory, is, considered in his entirety, a most engaging person. He has all the qualities of a polished, humane gentleman. He is modest, refined, eloquent or silent according to circumstances. He has tact and sensitiveness combined with strength and energy; he has historical, philosophical and literary culture. On rare occasions he astonishes the modern reader with a certain ruthlessness or cruelty which, however, can always be explained satisfactorily. He is a perfect tutor, he is an *honnête homme*, three hundred and fifty years before the theoretical discovery of that type of social perfection. He knows how to be stern if it is necessary to hearten Dante to superhuman fortitude; he knows too how to comfort his hurt and humiliated pupil, with that very sternness. He is not ashamed to apologize sometimes; he is so high-minded, and feels himself so secure in his position of humanist and guide with a supernatural mission, that he does not hesitate at times to confess his own uncertainty. This is much to the credit, it is true, not only of the master but also of the disciple: for a master sufficiently sure of himself to be able to confess his limitations needs disciples serenely intelligent enough to appreciate his modest confidence without mistaking it for weakness or incompetence. Virgil can always be sure of his pupil on such occasions: the two men are a perfect example of the proper relation of teacher and pupil, better even than of sympathy between two immortal poets.[3] One of the most stirring of the scenes which bring out Virgil's consciousness of imperfection, the humanity, not superhumanity, that characterizes him, is that which is enacted in front of the gateway of the City of Dis. The poets are refused admission by demons and other monsters, inhabitants of the

[3]See the excellent brochure of Mons. Fernando Cento, *Il Pensiero educativo di Dante* (second ed.), Milano, 1925, especially chap. VII.

fortress, who mock at and repulse Virgil after he has tried to impress them with respect for his divine mission; and now he returns to his follower, whom he had left alone and frightened in the infernal gloom:

> To me, with lingering steps, he turned about.
> His eye was fixed upon the ground, his brow
> Shorn of all boldness, and with sighs he said:
> "Who hath forbidden me the abodes of woe?"
> Then unto me: "But thou, be not dismayed,
> Though I am wroth. This trial will I subdue,
> Whate'er to thwart us be within essayed."[4]

What a natural man! and how civilized a man! He does not conceal his disturbance at being defeated, and shows his humiliation both in his mien and in his soliloquy. But then he remembers his duty as a moral as well as physical guide, and finds comforting words for his hesitating follower, without—and this seems to me most finely typical of the humane tutor—without denying, before his pupil, that he is disconcerted and temporarily defeated. He does not deny that he is distressed, but he cheers his pupil telling him not to be discouraged by that, and not to mistake it for fear of danger. And so together they quietly wait for their rescuer, while Virgil tells Dante, as he might a child whose attention needs to be diverted, the story of his first descent into Hell.

Virgil's difficulties increase after issuing from Hell, which is after all his dwelling-place, even though the pleasant Limbo, where are the virtuous and famous Pagans, is his particular home. On the Mountain he begins to doubt and hesitate, without for a moment losing his personal dignity and charm. Immediately after returning to the light of day, in one of the most poetic situations imaginable, in the pure dawn, at the foot of the holy Mountain that rises out of the azure sea, Virgil is put to shame. He is shamed because he has not hindered his pupil from lingering a while in the company of the disembodied spirit of a friend, whom Dante had known in life, and now has met again. "Gnawed he seemed to me by self-reproach. O noble conscience and clear, how sharp a sting is a little fault to thee!"[5] The highly cultured man, eloquent though he be, admits his error, and lapses into modest silence.

He had made another slip before this one. On reaching the

[4] *Inf.*, trans. Lockert, viii, 117-23.
[5] *Purg.*, trans. Okey, iii, 7-9.

foot of the Mountain the poets had met the venerable Cato, the famous republican suicide of ancient Rome, strangely transformed by our poet into a Christian warden. Virgil who, here in unfamiliar Purgatory, reflects, with his hesitating conduct, what Karl Vossler called "the ambiguous and uncertain light of Dante's Purgatory, between heaven and hell,"[6] undertakes to win the old man's favour with the ancient rhetorical art and the courtesy of the humanist, for (with all respect to Rudolf Palgen) the Virgil of Dante is a Roman, a classical man, not a mediaeval magician. But the old growler, who by this time is a Christian convert, repulses him: he does not care to listen to what he calls flattery and is interested in Christian motives alone.[7] Virgil, sensitive and well-mannered, says nothing: he lets the old man speak and disappear, that unattractive old man who has forgotten the Latin standards which very soon will again be those of the Italians, the children of Rome, refined by the Renaissance. Virgil—as others before me have noticed—is a striking representative of the Renaissance element, the element of cultural development and progress, in the double-headed Janus that is the nature of the poet Dante Alighieri.

A third mistake, and another example of the fine demeanour of the poet-guide in his unfamiliar surroundings: he loses his way. He has just ended an enumeration of the great Pagan inhabitants of Limbo, who, in spite of their attainments and nobility, are bereft of eternal beatitude. He ends it—and this is a truly touching gesture in its simplicity and dignity—without mentioning, in fact refraining from mentioning, himself. "And here he bent his brow, and said no more, and remained troubled."[8]

It is then that, as if still beclouded by grief, and proving that the unbaptized Pagan is indeed denied citizenship in Purgatory, he loses his way, seeking in vain the place where the Mountain can be ascended. "'Now who knows on which hand the scarp doth slope,' said my Master, halting his steps, 'so that he may climb who wingless goes?'"[9]

Thus he, the perfect gentleman, conceals his increasing perplexity with a jest; a jest which is symbolical, although not ob-

[6] *Die göttliche Komödie* (second ed.), I, 725.
[7] *Purg.*, i, 91 ff.
[8] *Ibid.*, iii, 44-5.
[9] *Ibid.*, iii, 52-4.

trusively so, for to have no wings signifies being a man and not a superman, and the chief and most attractive characteristic of Dante's Virgil is just this, that he is a man, neither more nor less than human. And Dante, the pupil, assuming a slight superiority, now admits the possibility that his master may not find the way, and that it may be necessary for others to point it out to him.[10] Here come some souls of people who have recently died, who know the way, and Virgil, with another unforgettable gesture, resumes the polite manners of sincere courtesy and internal ease, without jealousy or embarrassment such as a small bourgeois might show, but "con libero piglio," with a cheerful countenance. This man who, conscious of his own worth, confesses his limitations, is not ashamed of having been at fault.

Let us mention another passage or two in which that even more distinguished quality of Dante's Virgil appears, the aristocratic inclination to control himself, to hide emotion rather than make a display of it—the Roman poet and philosopher himself would no doubt have called it stoicism. "Then with large steps my Guide went on, somewhat disturbed with anger in his look. . . ."[11] It is the "large steps" rather than the "look" that give us the impression of "anger": of words there are none. So, in a passage already cited, Dante says simply, "Gnawed he seemed to me by self-reproach,"[12] conveying the sensitive tact of the reserved master as well as of the understanding pupil. And when, high on the Mount, Virgil is trying to persuade Dante to face the passage of the fire, and, not succeeding, utters his final exhortation "a little vexed,"[13] it is again only "a little," although the success of the whole journey and the authority of the guide are both at stake.

By endowing his Virgil with this reserve in character and expression, Dante was expressing a part of his own nature: that stoicism in the form of urbanity which, in spite of all his sternness, marked his disposition. This reserve and urbanity were the superficial cover of a volcanic temperament inclined to anger, even furious rage, which had always to be restrained by that cultivated will of his to rule his passions with an iron hand. This struggle between natural passion and self-control appears as part of the poet's nature throughout the *Commedia*. Incidentally, it has

[10] *Ibid.*, see ll. 61 ff.
[11] *Inf.*, trans. Carlyle, xxiii, 145-6.
[12] *Purg.*, iii, 7.
[13] *Ibid.*, xxvii, 35.

been much used in the dispute as to whether Dante belongs to the Middle Ages or the Renaissance; those passages where the poet gives free rein to his feelings being taken as indications of a coming greater freedom for humanity, and those where he restrains them as showing fidelity to mediaeval Catholic morality. The whole system of sins and punishments is also related to this psychological problem, since the untameable temperament of the poet, with its anger, compassion and partisanship, and with its subjective evaluations, again and again bursts the bonds of the Catholic system of mortal and venial sins, which was necessarily adopted out of respect for ecclesiastical tradition.[14]

We who are at present concerned with Virgil rather than Dante, will only note again that Virgil's urbanity is far from being the expression of a cold or phlegmatic temperament: Virgil too has moments of passion, of lack of self-control, and it is because of such moments that his usual moderation, his aesthetic maturity, is significant. Remember the horrible scene in which Dante throws off into the mud Filippo Argenti, who was trying to clamber into the boat that is carrying the poets over the Styx; and after that act—a barbarous act according to civilized standards—Virgil embraces Dante, blessing the mother who had borne such a son.[15] In such outbursts, typical of both Dante and his poetical creature Virgil, appears the awful depth over which was constructed the unshakeable edifice of morality, of self-control. Let us remember, too, in this connection, that the special task of Virgil, with regard to Dante, is to arouse him morally and, so to speak, aesthetically, whenever the latter is on the point of forgetting to ascend and to observe, the two important activities during his journey through the transcendental Kingdoms. He rouses Dante from his mystical dreaming and urges him to walk and look: "Let that suffice thee, and spurn the earth with thy heels, turn thine eyes. . . ";[16] he reproaches him pitilessly for beginning to weep from compassion, again urging him to lift up his head and look: "Art thou, too, like the other fools? . . . Raise up thy head, raise up, and see. . . ."[17] And in another passage—certainly one of the most human and

[14]Among the most recent contributions on this subject, see G. A. Borgese, "The Wrath of Dante" (*Speculum*, 1938, 183 ff.).

[15]*Inf.*, viii, 31 ff.

[16]*Purg.*, xix, 61-2.

[17]*Inf.*, trans. Carlyle, xx, 27, 31.

least celestial passages of the Divine Poem—this moralizing, dynamic character of the mentor becomes synthetized and sublimated into imperishable monumentality with words that contain a whole catechism for everyone who, having undertaken a task too difficult, becomes weary and would like to give up; words that remind such a one of the glory he is about to lose, and that, unless he succeeds in plucking up courage, he will leave behind him on earth no more trace of himself than smoke in air or foam on water.[18]

This man of lofty sentiment and enterprising character places himself, as he approaches the summit of the holy Mount, more and more on the same level with the one he is leading. He is astonished at what he sees, and makes no attempt to conceal his astonishment; the simple greatness of his nature would not allow it: "Then my Lord, as tho' marvelling, said: 'Lead us therefore. . . .'"[19] This means that, without a trace of hypersensitiveness, he is handing over to another the command of the ship of which he is captain: what selflessness! what true liberality! On another occasion Dante, accustomed to look to his guide for counsel at every step of the way, turns to him full of amazement at the sight of the holy procession on the heights of the Mountain. But he meets the no less amazed glance of his beloved master, who has now nothing more to teach him up there.[20] And yet Dante will hardly know what to do when he has to get used to being without Virgil, the perfect tutor who still inspires him with his personality even though his duties as teacher have been discharged.

Of all the fine sketches that make up this masterly poetical creation, Dante's Virgil, perhaps the most charming is his first meeting with Statius, the Christian poet of the Silver Age, whose soul joins the two travellers on the last slope of the Mount. In giving an account of himself, in reply to Virgil's questions, Statius says, without knowing to whom he is speaking, that when he was a poet in the world of men, above all poets of previous times he venerated the author of the *Aeneid*, and that he would willingly sacrifice a year of the celestial beatitude that awaits him if he could have been a contemporary of so inimitable a colleague. (I use that odd name intentionally, because this scene has a captivating humour such as is rare in the solemn, austere and deeply-felt poetry

[18] *Ibid.*, xxiv, 43-51.
[19] *Purg.*, vii, 61-2.
[20] *Ibid.*, xxix, 55-7.

of Dante, who, in this new light, appears more sociable, nearer to us moderns than usual.) Virgil, on hearing those flattering words, far from complacently making himself known to his admirer, tries, in his natural modesty, to conceal his identity: "These words turned Virgil to me with a look that silently said: 'Be silent.'"[21]

Here is our perfect *honnête homme*, our model and example of refinement! Not only does he not wish to be recognized—perhaps because he remembers how useless and futile is human glory in the subterrestrial place where he dwells—but he actually conveys his desire of concealment to his friend and disciple with a gesture, a facial expression, silently, but with as much eloquence as if he had spoken. However, Dante is unable to follow his orders: he smiles involuntarily ("I could not help smiling as a man might wink"); and Statius, insisting on knowing what is the meaning of that smile, hears the secret from the mouth of Dante, but not until the latter has brought to a head the humorous conflict of inclinations by sighing so that Virgil, courteously indulgent as usual, gives him permission to tell it. Then, as if the unfolding of this unique scene, like the unwinding of a golden chainlet of mental sequences, were not sufficient, Statius attempts to embrace the feet of Virgil, who forbids him good-humouredly and kindly, reminding him that they are not men but shadows, and Statius, with a charming mixture of confusion and reverence, excuses himself by saying that this momentary forgetfulness is complete evidence of the overwhelming love he has for his master.

In this way the figure of Statius, introduced just before Virgil disappears from the action of the poem, has given the poet the opportunity to portray both of them, as well as himself, in a rare, precious relation of spiritual sociability, that of colleagues in Apollo, who treat each other with a certain confidential, familiar respect, and display all the tact and sensitiveness of cultivated persons, together with the genius and rapture of great authors. It is true that after this introductory moment Statius almost loses his importance in the action of the poem, as soon as he has acquired it. His addition to the company of two is, it seems to me, somewhat superfluous, even somewhat vexatious, when one considers that he is replacing the irreplaceable Virgil who, Pagan as he is, is almost overshadowed, in the last cantos of the *Purgatorio*, by the baptized Christian. Statius becomes the guide instead of Virgil,

[21] *Ibid.*, xxi, 103-4.

and addresses Dante as "son,"[22] and this gives him the appearance of a pale reproduction of Virgil such as, in my opinion, diminishes rather than heightens the poetic effect. He is present with Dante —although only formally, not aesthetically—after the disappearance of Virgil, and Beatrice, descended from heaven, actually addresses him,[23] but with all that he acquires not the least interest either poetical or symbolical: the reader hardly remembers that after this last-mentioned passage Statius does not reappear; he vanishes from the scene without leaving a trace. Perhaps the only poetic moment that he still contributes is when he and Virgil smile at each other rather roguishly after the young and beautiful Matelda, Dante's guide in the Terrestrial Paradise, has made an over-erudite observation.[24] Let us pass over the question why Dante introduced this episodical personage: we are concerned with Virgil who, in spite of his restricted practical importance as a guide—he is no longer a guide now—, becomes more and more important as a human figure.

Let us turn to what is perhaps the most touching scene, humanly and poetically, that has issued from the mind of Dante: a scene which, if it were the only one of the *Divine Comedy* preserved, would be sufficient to place him among the immortals. I mean the departure of Virgil, the first appearance of Beatrice, and the desperate loneliness of Dante in passing from the guide-friend to the guide-mistress.[25] Nowhere else, I think, in the world's literature have the essence of love and of friendship been contrasted with more understanding and penetration, with more delicacy and reserve.

Just a little while before,[26] Virgil has addressed his last words to his disciple, saying good-bye after having acquainted Dante with Hell and caused him to expiate symbolically his mortal sins in the ascent of Purgatory. After that Virgil speaks no more, but he still accompanies Dante, as does the superfluous Statius; but Virgil, far from being superfluous, continually makes his beloved presence felt to the affectionate reader who would like to prolong it: once more, for example, the eyes of Dante meet those of his master in

[22] *Ibid.*, xxv, 35.

[23] *Ibid.*, xxxiii, 134-5.

[24] *Ibid.*, xxviii, 145-7. The humorous grace of this passage is well perceived by B. Croce in *The Poetry of Dante*, trans. Ainslie, 1922, 190-1.

[25] *Purg.*, xxx.

[26] *Ibid.*, xxvii, 127-41.

astonishment at the mystical procession.[27] But the next time that Dante turns to seek the cherished glance of his friend, "as a frightened child resorts to his mother," he fails to find it:

> But reft
> Had Virgil left us of himself,—even he,
> Virgil, sweet father, Virgil, unto whom
> For my salvation I surrendered me.
> Nor to my cheeks, late purified with dew,
> Availed all that the ancient mother lost
> That they with tears were darkened not anew.[28]

This happens at the most feared and most longed-for moment experienced by Dante in the whole journey, the moment when Beatrice, in a cloud of flowers, accompanied by singing angels, has descended from heaven to take upon herself the task of guiding through the spheres the unfaithful friend of her earthly life, whom she is seeing again after a whole lifetime. At this moment, facing the adored mistress of his thoughts, who presents herself to him in all the splendour of her celestial magnificence, but also with all the severity of an offended and censorious woman, without a sign of friendship or love, at this moment Dante sees himself deprived of his friend, of his spiritual, humane, human friend, more earthly than supernatural, more classical than mediaeval. He is alone, quite alone—for Statius does not count—, as much alone as a man can only be at the decisive and difficult moment when he is abandoning his friend for a woman: that is why I said that, in my opinion, this scene, although it unfolds itself in a sphere infinitely above the level of sexual love, in the high atmosphere of religious, supernatural spirituality, is nevertheless a reflection from a depth of intimate erotic experience.

Virgil had gone, reticent, modest, reserved, without pronouncing another word after that solemn speech of his. He had gone, weeping perhaps, to return downward to his residence, pleasant and dignified but in Hell, to the Limbo where there is all but hope. He was returning there after having discharged the duty assigned to him of guiding the poet Dante, who had been lost in the wild wood, until he had found him another guide, the celestial lady, who could lead him through the spheres of beatitude, access to which was forbidden to the Pagan, the man of reason, the Roman poet. He had gone as he had come, suddenly, without a

[27] *Ibid.*, xxix, 55-7.
[28] *Purg.*, trans. Fletcher, xxx, 49-54.

word, for it is noticeable that the first appearance of Virgil, when he comes to protect Dante from the three allegorical beasts, happens in the same sudden and rather phantasmagorical manner, without preparation or forewarning, as his departure. Reserve, silence, modesty thus form something like a frame around the charming portrait of Dante's Virgil, an example of human, not superhuman, perfection: one of the most perfect persons that a poet's hand has ever succeeded in forming.[29]

[29]The question has been asked why Dante did not choose Aristotle, his true spiritual master, rather than Virgil to be his guide to the three Kingdoms, especially as in so doing, he would have been following the example of other contemporary authors: evidently because he needed a poet to guide him, not a philosopher, and that is also why he did not choose St Thomas Aquinas, whom he meets in *Par.* x, without addressing him in any way.

The companion study of Beatrice and the Poetry of Dante will appear in the January issue. (Editor's Note.)

THE WAR AND OPINION

I. HITLER'S BASIC STRATEGY* — OTTO STRASSER

HITLER's great offensive in South Russia, in its prowess up to date, recalls most emphatically his operations in Northern France in May and June, 1940. As it was then, so it is today. The identical military plan: to separate a large part of the opposing army from its main forces, and then to destroy this isolated army. On the political front, Berlin counted on France being forced out of the war as a result, and hopes now that this same strategy will produce a similar effect on Russia.

The military operations now being carried out coincide in almost every detail with those in the spring of 1940 in France. Just as in 1940 the German army avoided the strong French positions in the centre and on the left wing, which were based on the Maginot line, and concentrated its entire forces on the right wing, so the German attack on the Russian army in the summer of 1942 has avoided the strongly fortified position around Moscow, and also the position on the left wing, which is well protected by natural obstructions, and has concentrated all its forces on the right wing, on a narrow attacking front of about 250 miles.

The further execution of these operations follows the pattern of the attack on France so closely, that one feels justified in surmising that both plans have the same origin. After the breakthrough on the Maas, most military critics expected the Germans to continue their march to the south. But the Panzer divisions suddenly swung around to the west, almost at a right angle, and drove a huge wedge between the Belgian-British-French army in the north and the main French army in the south, and crowned this success by reaching the Channel.

The manœuvre in itself was exceedingly dangerous, because the German Panzer divisions that formed the wedge were greatly inferior in numbers to the enemy armies north and south of them. The daring venture succeeded in spite of the risks, because the two Allied armies that had been torn asunder were not able to throw a united force against the German wedge, nor was the southern French army able to undertake a strong counter-offensive to relieve the encircled northern army.

*Readers are reminded that the article was written several weeks before publication. (Editors' Note.)

In July, 1942, the identical manœuvre was repeated. After the break-through had succeeded in the Kursk-Charkow area, and the German Panzer divisions, fighting desperately, had reached the Don, everyone (including evidently the Russian High Command) expected that the thrust would carry them at once toward the south, to lift Rostov off its hinges and bring the long-awaited attack on the Caucasus. But the German armies at this crisis by-passed Rostov and the Caucasus on their right, just as they had by-passed Chalons and Paris on their left in 1940, and stormed on towards the Volga and, presumably, the Caspian Sea, just as they had stormed on towards the Channel.

In 1942, this manoeuvre is fraught with even greater danger, because Russia has a unified High Command and can move her armies north and south of the German wedge uniformly—an advantage that the Allied armies in France lacked, though vain attempt was made at the last moment to achieve it by giving Weygand supreme powers. It is all the less comprehensible that there are no signs as yet of any joint operations of the beaten Southern Russian army and the strong Central army, at this point engaged in creating minor diversions around Kalinin and Rhzev.

The Germans pay no attention whatever to the Central and Northern Russian armies, but are without doubt preparing a strong defence line between Orel and Voronesch, in anticipation of the expected counter-offensive of the Russian Central army, exactly as they restricted their activities in 1940 to building a defence position on the Aisne against the main French armies numbering over three million men. They then hurled themselves with ferocious energy against the beaten Allied army. Attacking from all sides, south, east and north, the Germans advanced against the Belgian-British-French forces and destroyed all but those that the heroic action of the British fleet rescued through the gap of Dunkerque.

Similar events are happening these days in South Russia. There the army is enclosed between the Volga and the Caucasus. If, at the last moment, the Central Russian army does not succeed in breaking through on the northern flank of the wedge, where the Germans have built their new defensive positions, then this Southern Russian army is doomed to destruction. Perhaps even the rescue of Dunkerque will be repeated, on a smaller scale, in so far as the surrounded army may escape across the mountain passes

of the Caucasus to Iran, provided that the R.A.F. stationed there succeeds in keeping this line of retreat open.

A clever strategic move of the Russians can even now avert this disaster. If Timoschenko succeeds in bringing the beaten Southern army to a stand, and if Stalin can throw the enormous masses of his Central army (at least twice the number of the Germans) quickly enough into an offensive against the German wedge, then the daring venture of the Germans could be turned into a disastrous defeat. That is the only possibility of saving the situation in Russia; for the much-talked-of "second front in Europe" cannot influence events in the slightest degree even if such an improvised action were possible, and all experts agree that such operations would call for at least nine to twelve months of careful preparation.

One would be wise to reckon with the success of the German plans, even if only to be all the more agreeably surprised should they fail. Whether the political repercussions will be what Hitler is counting on, is quite another question.

At this point it seems important to underline certain facts that could give the Democracies valuable suggestions for the hastening of their victory.

In earlier times—up indeed to the first World War—a war was won when the armies of the enemy had been beaten. Victory was almost entirely the result of military operations. Since the birth of "total war," victory of the armies alone is no longer sufficient. "Total victory," meaning military, economic and moral victory, has become a necessity. When in the first World War it became evident that the military and economic forces in the two camps held one another in equipoise or at least were evened up in the course of the war, then it also became evident that moral forces would up the scales; and as a matter of fact the war came to a sudden end through the internal collapse of the Central Powers.

In the present war this general situation is repeated with even greater emphasis. The Axis camp is far more powerful economically than in the last war, owing to Germany's conquests in Europe and Japan's in East Asia. On the other hand, the Allies have become a far greater military power than they were in the last war, thanks to long years of Russian rearmament and the enormous development of America's war machinery. The realization of these facts induces many economists and statesmen to prophesy that the war may last five, eight, even ten years longer. This

may be true from a purely military and economic point of view. But as soon as you consider the moral factor, it becomes extremely dubious.

To underline this assertion, let us take as an example the sequence of events in France in June, 1940. After the destruction of the Belgian-British-French armies, France was by no means in a desperate situation. The greater part of the French army, numbering millions of men, had never fired a shot. The Maginot line was intact, several hundred thousand British and French soldiers had been rescued at Dunkerque, and in a few weeks' time could be again fighting on the Seine and the Loire. But morally France was finished!

This is not the time or the place to enumerate the reasons for the downfall of France. But nobody who experienced that tragic event at close range can deny the assertion that France laid down her arms, not because she had been conquered, but because she did not wish to fight any longer.

When the will to fight has been broken in a nation, when a nation does not look upon war as a bitter necessity, then the military and economic situation of that nation is of no importance, for that nation has already been defeated.

Here we see revealed the secret of Hitler's "political weapons," the deeper meaning of Goebbels' propaganda, the importance of the so-called fifth column, of the idealogical co-operation between sympathizers in enemy and neutral countries—and so on. The military successes of the German armies were not only prepared by Nazi propaganda. One can even go so far as to say that the German High Command ordered these armies to march only after Goebbels had completed the process of softening up the victim to be attacked. In the years to come historical research will determine whether the failure of the German army in Central Russia and the success of the German army in the Ukraine can in any degree be attributed to the failure and the success respectively of German propaganda.

At the same time we must be aware of the fundamental difference in the situation of France in 1940 and that of Russia in 1942. Everything indicates that Russia's power of moral resistance is far greater than was that of France, and that Moscow will not be declared an "open city" in 1942, as was Paris in 1940. If this is the case, the political repercussions that Hitler counts on after the

conquest of the Ukraine will not materialize. That means, that his gains will be confined to an improved military and economic situation, and while both are important, neither is in any way decisive.

The whole question will be decided when it becomes evident whether this partial defeat can break Moscow's morale. After the disaster of Flanders the morale of London remained unshaken, although the military and economic position of England at the time was more serious than that of France. Here we realize the decisive importance of the moral factor in warfare. Solely the moral fortitude that enabled England to carry on in those terrible June and July months of 1940, made the victory in the great air battle over England possible.

And the converse of the proposition is equally true: only a preceding victory on the moral front can render possible the final victory of the Democracies on the military and economic fronts—not *vice versa*.

The German (and Italian) people must be brought to realize that this war is not in the interest of their nation, but only in the interest of Hitler and his Nazi party. The German people must be given the certainty that the Democracies do not aim at their destruction, but intend to prevent aggressor nations from overrunning and suppressing any other nation—be it large or small. To the German people every day and every hour the truth must be brought home that moral right and power stand united against their cause in this war, and that they imperil their entire future existence by remaining on the side of the ruthless aggressors.

For years Goebbels' propaganda has dinned into German ears the lie that "the plutocratic Bolshevistic World Power" aims at their destruction. He has even succeeded in persuading a great part of the nation that Germany's goal is not only a "crusade against Bolshevism," but at the same time the liberation of the British and American people from "Jewish-Capitalistic" rule. Nor is this reserved merely for home consumption. Anyone listening to the Berlin propaganda on the radio, directed to England and America, will agree that this is the strong line of the Nazis.

The German people must be shaken out of this strange belief that they are fighting not only for their very existence, but also for the liberation of other countries. This false belief explains the phenomenon of the subservience of the German army and people

to Hitler's rule, in spite of the fact that the great majority of the army and nation is opposed to the anti-religious, cruel and corrupt dictatorship of the Nazi party.

Only when the faith of the whole German nation in the righteousness of their cause has been shaken and destroyed, will the preparation for a "second front in Europe" be completed.

If the realization of these truths is born out of defeat on the battlefields of the Ukraine, then the price that the Democracies must pay will not be too exorbitant.

II. THE LAST PEACE AND THE NEXT — LIONEL GELBER

WHAT men deem to be the issues of the war will shape their thoughts about the nature of the peace. Even amid the clash of arms, the clamour of rival schools is not inaudible. But when the roar of battle subsides, those who aspire to be architects of the future will come more fully into their own. In the ensuing debate the views of two noted Englishmen, Mr Harold Butler and Mr E. H. Carr,* are bound to exercise wide influence. On many of the social, economic and political topics of the day they seem to agree. But on one basic question, that of Germany and the Germans, they are poles apart. And this is of the utmost importance. For the riddle of Europe, Mr Butler observes, is the riddle of Germany; the problem of Europe, Mr Carr re-echoes, is the problem of Germany. How, then, does each tackle what he considers the central factor of European stability? As guides to the peacemaking their attitude towards the German question is by their own terms the acid test of reliability.

Mr Carr is best known for his previous book *The Twenty Years' Crisis*, published in the autumn of 1939 after the outbreak of war. A lucid, provocative work, it was the only serious vindication ever to appear of the philosophy of appeasement. "The negotiations which led up to the Munich Agreement of September 29, 1938, were," he declared, "the nearest approach in recent years to the settlement of a major international issue by a procedure of peaceful change." With that incredible sentence an era of shame wrote

*_The Lost Peace_, by HAROLD BUTLER. New York, Harcourt Brace [Toronto, McLeod], 1942, $3.50.

Conditions of Peace, by E. H. CARR. London and Toronto, Macmillan, 1942, $4.00.

its own obituary. It was, nevertheless, a logical consequence of Mr Carr's general outlook; and what his new volume does is to restate under altered circumstances the thesis of his old one. In international affairs the measure of judgment is not learning or style but the immediate application of reasoning and ideas to key events. The case against Mr Carr is not, however, a book which was too late to be more than a mirror of official pre-war sentiment; what does come as a shock is to discover that he is still saying in 1942 what he said in 1939. A partisan of the discredited policies of Lord Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain, Mr Carr in his social and economic aims is today a spokesman of the extreme left. But these fundamentally were seldom incompatible. For on the suicidal impulses of appeasement the right never held a monopoly. And as the left now grows in political stature the appeasement forces within it are striving to gain ascendancy so as to chart its course. The conflict with them, whether on the left or the right, promises to be the dominant conflict of the peacemaking. Appeasement is a strange mixture of narrow vision, national self-hatred and hatred of natural allies. But it has remained for Mr Carr to dignify it with the semblance of a coherent doctrine.

As he has done before, Mr Carr exposes the failure of the notion of an automatic harmony of interests which underlay the world order of the nineteenth century. It will, he feels, have to be supplanted by some higher moral purpose. But what that will be eludes Mr Carr himself. And it is as manifestations of this deeper crisis that he analyses the crisis of self-determination and the economic crisis. But were liberal democracy and *laissez-faire* capitalism incapable of further improvement from within? It is significant that Mr Carr omits to assess with care the one element which more than any other diverted the energies of men and blighted hopes of progress. For the rise of a unified, militaristic Germany would have shaken and impaired the most perfect system; it may do so again. Given the socialized Europe envisaged by him, the German bid for power, Mr Carr might retort, would have taken another form. But a utopian hypothesis of that kind is poor consolation for the havoc of two world wars. Would Mr Carr offer it as solace for a third?

Conditions of Peace has a plausible air of Olympian detachment. But it is more objective in manner than substance. When fitted into the Procrustean bed of his main theme some of Mr Carr's

illustrative facts look very odd. One example of this is his treatment of the balance of power. For he argues against it as if it were a device of British isolationism when it need be regarded as nothing of the sort. At bottom the balance of power is a policy not of equilibrium but of preponderance. From 1933 to 1939 it was neglected and that is why we are at war; or, at any rate, that is why the war began for us under the least rather than the most advantageous diplomatic and military conditions. Despite Mr Carr, the Anglo-French Entente of 1904 (which he dates incorrectly) was not the end of the balance of power but an early means of reasserting it; and following the first Moroccan crisis it was Grey himself who, in the quietude of the Foreign Office, reaffirmed the traditional British policy of opposition to any power which attempts to establish a hegemony in Europe. But on the left as on the right animosity against France as much as preference for Germany has in the English-speaking world often been the earmark of appeasement. Any programme which required or might again require the support of the one against the other will therefore be disparaged. The Entente policy, to which Mr Carr depicts Britain reverting after 1934, broke, he says, in her hands, "for France was no longer equal to the role of a Great Power."

On an old friend and ally a dictum such as this is, in her hour of sorrow and misfortune, not only devoid of chivalry. It is altogether unjust. For one cause of the collapse of France was precisely the policy Mr Carr favours. From 1933 to 1936 France could at any time have saved herself by her own efforts; from Barthou to Blum she did not do so out of a punctilious loyalty to the Entente and out of a mistaken deference to the ill-instructed and irresponsible susceptibilities of the whole English-speaking world. Nor should it be forgotten that the appeasement policies executed in London by the right were little more than the revisionist cries of the left borrowed and intensified. The remilitarization of the Rhineland was the first Nazi victory in the renewal of Germany's war. In it Downing Street acquiesced; but the left also approved of a step which spelled the doom of France—and one which was the obvious undoing of Britain herself. The past, Mr Carr wishfully proclaims, is dead. But it is he who seeks to perpetuate what was worst in the past without drawing from it lessons which we shall again ignore at our peril.

Here, as throughout, the clue to his book is his view of Germany

and the Germans. "The historical crux of the German problem," he claims with others, "resides not in any supposedly ineradicable national characteristics, whether German or Prussian, but in the late date at which Germany attained national unity and the plenitude of her power." And what is the moral we are expected to derive from that? Is Western society to wade recurrently through blood and terror because of the accidents of German history—even if those accidents were to suffice as justification? There are other countries, younger and older, who have faced difficulties as great or greater and whose behaviour has never been as iniquitous. It is to the rest of us a matter of the most profound indifference whether Germans—or Japanese—have become what they are because of "race" or the belated achievement of national unity. Their political tradition, whatever its origin, exists; and unless it is shattered beyond recall, freedom cannot survive. And now that Germany has enjoyed seven convulsive decades of that ineffable unity on whose behalf all infamy is forgiven, is she prepared to settle down in neighbourliness and peace? Of this there is not one shred of evidence in Mr Carr's book or anywhere else. What he proposes are schemes of European pacification and socialization in which Germany would participate as an equal. But will she? What if these schemes do not materialize, or what if Germany does not renounce her own rooted disbelief in equality, her own cherished goal of racial superiority, her own ceaseless megalomania? For it is no sure path towards which Mr Carr beckons but another leap in the dark.

What he denies is that the problem is uniquely a German one. The challenge from Germany to our conception of freedom is implicit, he remarks, in the nature of modern mass democracy; it involves the relation of the individual to society. But why does it express itself in Germany at the expense of all other societies—and not once but repeatedly? For want of a more cogent answer, we may turn to a theory of Mr Carr's, which is novel if nothing else. Internationalism, he contends, is attractive to very strong powers who can play a large part on the world stage and to weak powers whom it might protect. Germany, however, being neither the one nor the other falls between two stools and shuns internationalism as a result. Mr Carr might have reflected that the United States and Russia, together with many smaller powers, have not always conformed to his rule. Nor are generalizations such as

these to be lightly dismissed. For they flow consistently from an endeavour to demonstrate that the Western world is no less at fault than Germany; that the guilt for two world wars is as much ours as hers. In this undertaking even Bismarck is disinterred and praised for virtues which that proud master of force and fraud would have angrily disowned. Twice Mr Carr cites the peace of 1866 with Austria as proof that the iron chancellor's reputation for severity is undeserved. But how then did war occur at all? Mr Carr might re-examine the design of successive Prussian aggressions from 1864 to 1870 before he waxes too enthusiastic over his prize instance of Bismarckian leniency. By Germany's former socialism, social reforms and capacity for organization, Mr Carr is not the first to be impressed. But what purposes have they served? Do they begin to compensate for the extent to which human development everywhere throughout this century has time after time been thrown back by the protracted menace of German ambitions and the devastating impact of German militarism? Does the lesser good outweigh the greater evil? On these questions Mr Carr is silent. But statesmanship must ask them at every stage. And by the reply it affords the fate of civilization will be decided.

From Mr Butler's mind, on the other hand, these questions are never long absent. On social and economic problems the words of the ex-Director of the International Labour Office, Geneva, are authoritative. And not in that field alone. On the world politics of yesterday and tomorrow he writes as one who has not only seen much but who understands what he has seen—a merit rare even among experts and specialists. For here is no revolutionary flight from the past but a creative acceptance of it. On the subject of Germany Mr Butler's reminiscences disclose insight and common sense. "To cure her economic evils," he points out, "will not be enough, for German nationalism becomes more overweening in good times than in bad"—a statement of which Mr Butler might remind himself when he deals with post-war solutions of the European dilemma. A better short description of the entire German puzzle than Mr Butler's, it would be hard to find. The Ministry of Information in London and the Office of War Information in Washington might be well advised to reprint that one chapter as a pamphlet and distribute it broadcast wherever the English tongue is spoken. For there is public need of counter-

irritants like this, if the basic realities of the war and the coming peace are to be kept quite clear.

Mr Butler's book is on a high level from start to finish. Once or twice, *The Lost Peace* disappoints the reader. But every chapter is of value. That on the nations of Central and Eastern Europe should be studied in particular. On the topic of France the humanist and humanitarian in Mr Butler are one:

> Somehow or other a new France will emerge, perhaps before the struggle is over, again to become the partner of the British and American peoples in rebuilding a free and peaceful world, in which the individual is not at the mercy of the state, but the state at the service of the individual. That after all is the essence of the French spirit and the real bond between them and ourselves. However different our habits and temperaments and outlooks—and they will always be profoundly different—we cannot forget what we have owed to France in the past or what we expect of her in the future.

This is a truth too many forecasts of the post-war world are apt to exclude. And if on that and most other topics Mr Butler's voice is the authentic voice of Britain, his counsel, admirable in itself, will be even more welcome.

III. PRIORITIES FOR PLANNERS

CLARIS EDWIN SILCOX

DURING the depression, we were offered for our delectation and inspiration a great variety of plans. Never, perhaps, in all human history, have so many people done so much planning with so little effect. The desire to plan was natural since we live in an age in which one of the keywords is rationalization, and in industry or business you are considered more or less hopelessly incompetent unless you can produce a plan for every operation. This should preferably be reduced to a chart-form covered with radial lines leading to and from squares and circles which indicate various stages of control.

Then, too, during the past twenty years, Russia stirred us with one Five-Year Plan after another. What could we do but follow suit and make national plans for Canada? *Laissez-faire*, we were assured, was a thing of the past; henceforth, everything would be foreseen and arranged, and out of such planning would emerge social salvation.

But it was easier for dictatorships to plan than for democracies. For time is needed if plans are to be worked out, and the time ele-

ment requires a stable and continuing government, and electors are apt to be capricious. Again, democracies must take care not to violate the constitution; for, if they do, the higher courts will impose their interdict on the prettiest plans, since the legal mind is apt to regard the constitution as more sacred than the life of the nation itself. At all events, our plans did not work out very well. If it had not been for the war, we might have still been in the trough of the depression, debating the pros and cons of the Rowell-Sirois report, and hoping, like Micawber, for something to "turn up." Nor has all this planning done the world very much good; for not our own indeed, but other people's, planning has only hurried us into the most terrible and universal of all wars.

The difficulty seems to have been that the planning was attempted on too narrow a scale. Ours was, for the most part, only national planning in the days before September, 1939, and while national planning is all right as far as it goes, it does not go far enough. The plans of one nation are only too apt to conflict with the plans of other nations, and then war becomes possible. The lesson of the day seems to be, therefore, that we must begin to plan at the other end. We must start with international planning and, if we succeed in getting a reasonable agreement there, we can then move down into national planning and fit the particular nation into the international scheme. If we succeed in devising a workable plan for the nation, each individual may ultimately be able to draw up some realizable plans for his own life.

* * *

Thirty years ago, one of the great figures in the student world of North America used to urge all students to plan their work, and then to work their plan. Nobody doubted the wisdom of the proposition, whether he implemented it in action or not. But today the individual is utterly helpless. How can he plan anything? He plans his budget and Mr Ilsley shoots it all to pieces with the new income tax. He plans his work, and Mr Elliott Little does his best to make hash of it. Each morning he reads the papers to discover what changes he must make in his daily routine if he would escape a gaol-sentence; each evening he listens to the radio to get the latest government instructions on which to spend another sleepless night.

Fifty years ago or so, when the clergyman read the intimations and notices from the pulpit, he would piously announce that "the

ladies' sewing-circle would meet (D. V.) the following Thursday," or that "the prayer-meeting would be held as usual (D. V.) on Wednesday evening." We all understood that D. V. meant "God willing," and this qualification gave due recognition to the fact that our life was a bundle of vicissitudes and unexpected changes. "Man proposes," we said, "but God disposes." Gradually, we left off the "D. V." Probably, we refused to allot to God the prerogative of interfering with our settled way of life. But we may now have to replace the formula with one that exalts the omnicompetent state to the status formerly accorded God and begin to announce that such and such an event will take place, the various government controllers permitting.

It is a hard world for the individual. He may propose, but the government will dispose, and there is little or nothing that he can do about it but obey. *C'est la guerre.* But it is also a hard world for the government. It is in as tight a corner as the individual. Its normal routine is all shot. Heads of bureaux issue orders only to countermand them frantically. Sometimes, one wonders if they really know what they are doing. Sometimes, one wonders if *they* do not wonder if they really know what they are doing. But on the whole, they can hardly be blamed. In a world at war, it is difficult for a nation to plan. It is indeed quite possible that the nation's leaders, having more knowledge of the various contingencies in the situation, are more befuddled than anybody else, but must persuade the man on the street that they really do know, that they do have a plan, but that the plan cannot be divulged because the enemy is listening! That makes a good excuse.

At all events, planning, like the old gray mare, is not what it used to be. We do our best from day to day, and are quite prepared to have all our good intentions nullified. For the conduct of the war, we must trust our leaders whatever our doubts. But since hope springs eternal in the human breast, we need not surrender our faith in post-war planning for the world. If we can do relatively little about plans for winning the war, we can do something about winning the peace. So all over the world, groups are at work preparing blue-prints. Some of those offered at the beginning of hostilities seem now, in the light of later developments, hopelessly naive. Here, for instance, is a volume of three hundred pages on "Federal Europe," first published in 1940. Or was it 1840? Some have been issued in pamphlet form, and the authors are men with

impressive reputations—to lose! In most of these writings, or compilations, there is the underlying assumption, of course, that the United Nations must win this war, but there is also a faith that just as the winning of the war will alone make possible the winning of the peace, so the clarity with which humanity sees the outlines of the world-to-come must prove a major factor in the winning of the war. There is an ever-increasing recognition of the fact that if we are to win the peace as well as the war, we must begin to win it now; that already the new order is being fashioned; that when the war is over, peace will have already begun and it will then be too late to improvise plans; that consequently we must begin to plan now.

All this is profoundly true. Even Sir Samuel Hoare, writing from Spain, has been urging the clarification of Britain's peace plans, especially for the enlightenment of the subjugated peoples of Europe. He says that they do not know what we propose to offer Europe when we have got rid of the Nazis, and he insists that "the more concrete, therefore, we could make our plans, the more incessantly we could repeat descriptions of them on the radio, the more likely it would be that we should convince the continent, not only of our good intentions, but our practical determination to carry them into effect."

So we must work at world-planning now. And our planning must begin at the top, not at the bottom. It is little use sketching elaborate plans for the future in terms of our individual lives (if we survive), or of the community in which we live, or even of the nation, unless we first secure an acceptable scheme of world order. Only as we set forth the principles of international organization, shall we be able to plan for the nation, the community, or ourselves. The smaller parts must be fitted into the larger pattern.

If we are able to contrive collective security, automatically enforced by a world government, if the victors are able to form a new federation of the world with power sufficient to enforce peace and to bring incorrigible aggressors to terms without delay, we shall be able to plan our communities and our national economies with confidence; but if we must be left to shift for ourselves in the future, if we can count on nothing but such alliances as we can negotiate ourselves, if in the end we must revert to economic nationalism, then we shall have to act accordingly and our plans, such as they are, will be quite different.

* * *

Let us apply this thesis to the future of cities and towns. During the past twenty years or more we have heard much about the necessity of town- and city-planning. We have talked about it almost *ad nauseam*, but done relatively little, especially in North America. But the development of aerial bombers in this war has made it clear that if we fail to achieve world order and collective security after this war, we shall have to reconstruct our cities and towns *de novo* with a view to their defence against aerial bombardment. For in the next war, if not in this, North American communities cannot expect to escape destruction.

As a matter of fact, the earliest cities known to man were strongholds surrounded by a wall and built primarily with a view to defence. If we must revert to primitive savagery, we shall have to provide sophisticated substitutes for ancient walls. Our cities cannot be spread out as they are now; they must of necessity contain fewer if higher buildings, widely separated by open spaces and with roofs specially constructed to take the shock of falling bombs or camouflaged with trees and grass to make them an integral part of a rustic landscape.

Such buildings, too, might well be projected several stories underground where passages and tunnels would lead to air-conditioned shelters. Many of our factories and our airfields would be placed underground. Underground, too, would be sunk deep wells for oil-supplies, and there, also, in air-conditioned chambers, large supplies of dehydrated and other foodstuffs would be hoarded against possible siege. Indeed, much of our economic activity in such an insecure world would be devoted to the gathering and hoarding of raw materials necessary to the inevitable war of the future. It might even be necessary for us to revamp the whole of our industrial life, including the locations of our major industries, decentralizing some, centralizing others, and especially protecting the channels of electrical power.

The failure to achieve collective security after this war would also completely upset all our schemes for the education of youth, since both boys and girls would then have to be trained primarily with a view to war. Military service and military studies would be compulsory and all-embracing. All schools and universities would have to become military academies. Mechanics and scientific research in chemical and other warfare would take a prominent place in the curriculum. Our youth would have to be made as hard

as nails. For we should live under the constant shadow of another Armageddon. It is not pleasant to think about, but the alternative to a passionate effort to achieve collective security might just as well be frankly faced now as later.

Neither could Canada easily plan its own economic or political structure in a world in which newer and bigger wars were not only possible but inevitable. We are largely dependent upon our foreign trade, but unless the nations of the world can give us some assurance that they can use our huge surpluses of wheat and paper, why should we produce them? In such a world both Canadian industry and agriculture become too much of a gamble, while in an ordered and co-operative world we could give our farmers and industrialists the green light with assurance and hope. In an insecure world, on the other hand, we should have frankly to recast our entire constitution and everything that emanates from it, giving ever greater power and authority to the federal government to enable it to act promptly as the course of events determined.

All this is so obvious that it seems superfluous, if not foolish, to dwell upon it, but like so many other obvious things, it may be overlooked. Today, we stand at the parting of the ways. One way leads to life and world order; the other to war and death. The one spells the triumph of the spirit of reason and co-operation; the other, desolation, insecurity and demoniac hate. It is ours to choose and we cannot avoid the choice. We must begin to make the choice now, even in the midst of war, since without world order we face another quarter-century of uncertainty, depression and irrationality. While it is true that we must win the war if we are to win the peace, it is equally true that we shall have to win the peace if we are to win the war. We shall have to become explicit in our hopes and demands for a new world. If we believe in reason, let us give priority to the forces of reason, and begin to plan now for some federation of the world and the reign of international law. If we achieve that, the rest will be relatively easy.

"OUR POETS"

A SKETCH OF CANADIAN POETRY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

A. J. M. Smith

CANADIAN poetry, in the most general terms, is the record of life in Canada as it takes on significance when all the resources of sensibility, intelligence and spirit are employed in experiencing it or in understanding it. Some of our poets have concentrated on what is individual and unique in Canadian life, and others upon what it has in common with life everywhere. The one group has attempted to describe and interpret whatever is essentially and distinctively Canadian and thus come to terms with what is only now ceasing to be a colonial environment. The other, from the very beginning, has made an heroic effort to transcend colonialism by entering into the universal, civilizing culture of ideas.

To trace this twofold purpose back to the beginning of our literature would involve us in an examination of the rather mediocre verse produced in the various British North American colonies in the last two or three decades of the eighteenth century and the first two or three of the nineteenth. What might be called the "extra-Canadian" tradition arose first. It could be illustrated in the hymns of Henry Alline and the rather angular poetry of Puritan piety, which was brought into Nova Scotia by schoolmasters, ministers and judges educated at Harvard College. Under the impact of the Revolutionary War and the influx of the United Empire Loyalists, the poetry of religious ejaculation gave way to political satire levelled at republican "treason." But neither the Puritans nor the Tories saw in the challenge that the new land presented to the sanguine and hardy exiles from Europe any compelling subject of poetry.

It was this compulsion that moved the earliest poets of the native tradition, though the lateness of their appearance is rather surprising. It testifies, perhaps, to the hardness of the conditions. The first poet who attempted a genuinely native theme on an ambitious scale was Oliver Goldsmith, grand-nephew and namesake of the famous poet, who was born at Annapolis, Nova Scotia, in 1781. In 1825 he published *The Rising Village*, a kind of sequel to

his grand-uncle's finest poem, in which he sketches the rise of a happy community of Loyalist settlers in the Acadian wilderness. There are some touches of genuine realism and some instances of sincere feeling, but for the most part the work is a rather conventional essay in late eighteenth-century sentimentalism. The diction is familiar without being memorable, the heroic couplets are smooth and monotonous, and the native element in the poem is largely in the author's intention and in his choice of subject.

No poet of outstanding ability, indeed, was to appear until after the nineteenth century had reached the half-way mark. The task of subduing the wilderness absorbed all the energies of a young people, and as the new century began British North America consisted of a number of thriving communities—Loyalist, French, and Scottish—in the Maritimes, Lower Canada, and Upper Canada, but they had little to do with one another and had, in the words of Professor Baker, "nothing in common but a sense of isolation." It took events like the War of 1812 and the Rebellions of 1837 to awaken a lively sense of the need for unity, and it was not until the fifties and sixties that the national ideal began to take shape in reality or to find expression in genuine poetry. Then, if not in the old-fashioned, high-spirited verses of Joseph Howe, at least in the sincerely-felt lyrics of Sangster and the descriptive poems of Mair, native Canadian poetry began little by little to individualize itself.

II

The poems of Joseph Howe represented an advance along the lines that had been laid down by the younger Goldsmith, but no important change. Howe, indeed, was an elegant amateur, whose descriptive couplets and gaily sentimental lyrics were still in the eighteenth-century manner. In his most ambitious work, however, the unfinished *Acadia*, he introduced amid much that was conventional and trite a description of the horrors of the Indian massacres that was uncompromising in its realism. Yet when Howe's "literary remains" were published in 1874, a year after his death, they must have seemed like a product of a century earlier, for by this time the romantic movement had long made itself felt. The Canadian who first attempted to breathe the spirit of romanticism into his pictures of the scene around him was the Kingston poet, Charles Sangster.

Sangster's two books, *The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay* (1856) and *Hesperus and Other Poems* (1860), have been long out of print, and this old poet is remembered now only for a few pieces preserved in the standard anthologies. This is unfortunate, for the greater number of the selections do little more than tempt the unguarded reader to a casual glance and a patronizing smile. But to dismiss a man capable of the music of lines like

> "Love is swift as hawk or hind,
> Chamois-like in fleetness,
> None are lost that love can find,"
> Sang the maid, with sweetness—

or the gnomic strength of

> Ye whose souls are strong and firm,
> In whom love's electric germ
>
> Has been fanned into a flame
> At the mention of a name;
> Ye whose souls are still the same
> As when first the Victor came,
>
> Stinging every nerve to life
> In the beatific strife,
>
> Till the man's divinest part
> Ruled triumphant in the heart,
> And with shrinking, sudden start,
> The bleak old world stood apart,
>
> Periling the wild Ideal
> By the presence of the Real—

is to dismiss a poet of unusual sensibility and no mean power. Sangster has been praised as the first Canadian poet who made a successful attempt to express a personal reaction to experience in terms of his native landscape and his northern weather. Yet he is not exclusively, or even mainly, a "Canadian" poet. His finest lyrics are not his patriotic pieces, like the elegy on Brock (though this is not without considerable merit), nor his descriptions of well-known Canadian scenes, like *Chaudière Falls* or *The Rapid*, but poems quite free from nationalism or provincialism, lyrics like *Mariline* or *An Autumn Change*, in which a pure and elegant music rises out of thought and feeling and is expressed with a kind of stubborn self-taught solidity of language that is worth a good deal

more than the fluidity and glibness of some of the more accomplished poets of later generations.

Eight years after Sangster's second, and last, volume there appeared in Montreal the first book of a writer who sought to realize the poetic possibilities in purely Canadian themes. This was *Dreamland*, by Charles Mair. Mair was himself to take an active part in the opening of the West and to make an adventurous escape from death at the hands of Louis Riel during the first Red River Rebellion. The vast wilderness of prairie, the Indian hunter, and the rapidly vanishing bison, touched Mair's imagination, and in his most characteristic poems and his chronicle play, *Tecumseh*, he tried to do justice to the drama of the white man pushing westward amid all the romantic aspects of the Canadian wilderness. Unfortunately, his verse suffers from the load of poetic diction carried over from his reading of the popular English and American poets—Byron, Tennyson, Poe, and Bryant—and it is very uneven in quality. One is astonished by lapses in taste which throw into bold relief lines and stanzas that are melodious and images that are just. Indeed, although few of Mair's poems are satisfactory all through, their best passages afford some delightfully precise close-ups of the Canadian woodland and its flowers, animals and insects, caught as they are under the parching sun of August or in the drenching moonlight of spring, and reveal in Mair an eye for the tiny realities of nature that many better poets might envy. Here and there, too, Mair shows a sensitiveness to strange states of feeling, which, in the best stanzas of *Dreamland* and a few other early poems, seems to promise an imaginative poetry that he was, perhaps wilfully, to turn away from. Yet if he could have gone on to write as sensitively and as powerfully as this—

> The silent shadows lay about the land,
> In aching solitude, as if they dreamed;
> And a low wind was ever close at hand,
> And though no rain-drops fell, yet always seemed
> The rustle of the leaves like falling rain—

he would (in spite of the lingering echoes of Tennyson) have deserved the high praise which his modern editor has heaped on him.[1]

[1]Robert Norwood, who wrote in his introduction to the Radisson Society's edition of Mair's complete works (1926): "Charles Mair is our greatest Canadian poet by every count."

The greatest poet of the pre-Confederation period, however, has not received from succeeding generations of Canadians the high praise that once was accorded him by American and English men of letters into whose hands his astonishing dramatic poem *Saul* had come. Charles Heavysege moved to Montreal from England in middle life and settled down to his trade of cabinet-maker and carpenter. A great reader of Shakespeare and the Bible, he took the themes of his ambitious poetry from the histories of the Jews or elaborated them in a world of Elizabethan sensibility. He belongs definitely to the cosmopolitan tradition. He made no effort to be a national poet or to describe the flora and fauna of his new home, and this, in part, accounts for the neglect of Heavysege in the histories of Canadian literature. In these, the fact that he came to Canada late in life outweighs the fact that he settled here permanently and wrote his poetry here. The universality of his themes is made a reproach that they are not Canadian, and the originality of their conception and execution is remarked upon only to explain that he had little influence on the development of Canadian poetry. What appealed, however, to such admirers of *Saul* as Hawthorne, Emerson, Coventry Patmore, Longfellow and Bayard Taylor, was the richness and comprehensiveness of the intellectual and moral experience out of which the poem arose.

Saul was published in 1857, and in two subsequent editions (1859 and 1869) it was revised and improved. It is a mammoth drama, anticipating in form and machinery, as well as perhaps in its fine gloom, *The Dynasts* of Thomas Hardy. The play is in three parts, each of five acts, and altogether it is about ten thousand lines long. The third edition is a volume of over four hundred closely-printed pages, which presents, it must be admitted, a somewhat forbidding appearance. One suspects that some of the critics who have dismissed it most summarily were frightened by the look of the thing and did not try very hard to get well into it. The play, indeed, makes some demands on the reader's patience: here and there it is prolix, and here and there it is dull. What Heavysege lacked was not the ability to write moving and majestic lines but the power to construct a sustained and cumulatively intensifying drama. Yet the poem, episodic though it is, is richly rewarding. The magnificence of the finest passages, such as the slaughter of the Amalekites and the ironic comments of the Demons conducting the souls of the slain to Hell, command the highest admiration.

So does the rare psychological insight with which the story of the King's madness is developed. In personifying the spirit of Saul's affliction as the vacillating agent of evil, the fallen angel Malzah, Heavysege has created a character as strange and vivid as Ariel or Caliban.

The other works of the author of *Saul* have not the same imaginative power and moral intensity; yet they are, in their way, remarkable enough. *Count Filippo, or The Unequal Marriage* (1860) is a brilliantly written and well constructed problem play, very much in the manner of Beaumont and Fletcher. It analyses with a good deal of subtlety and a refreshing absence of squeamishness the moral risks involved in a marriage between youth and age. It is one of those infrequent achievements—a successful imitation of the Elizabethans, and because of its poetry, its ironic humour, and its power of characterization it is still good reading. It should be one of the minor classics of our earlier literature; but perhaps because of the freedom and occasional levity with which, until the end, the theme has been treated, the play has been pretty generally deprecated as one that may rest forgotten. A more conventional work was Heavysege's last major effort, the blank-verse narrative *Jephthah's Daughter* (1865). With it was published a selection of the strange and sombre "sonnets" which the poet had written earlier and which he now revised and carefully pruned. These reveal in little the strength and originality that make *Saul* so significant an interpretation of the moral world.[2]

III

None of these poets of Canada before Confederation had succeeded in creating a poetry that was clearly and definitely "Canadian" in the sense that it differed from the poetry of England as the flowers and foliage, the lakes and rivers, the mountains and the very air itself differed from those of the mother country. From the beginning it had been expected that a national poet would arise to celebrate the wild nobility of the scenery and to voice the aspirations of the colonists to become the citizens of a strong united

[2]The best account of the life and writings of Heavysege is a paper by Mr Lawrence J. Burpee in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, Second Series, VII, (1901-1902), sect. II, 19-60. The somewhat less sympathetic account in Professor Ray Palmer Baker's *History of English-Canadian Poetry to the Confederation* is also worth consulting.

nation. Standish O'Grady, a disgruntled Irishman who published in 1842 the first and only canto of *The Emigrant, a Poem, in Four Cantos*,[3] was expressing a common thought when he wrote in the preface: "This expanded and noble continent will no doubt furnish fit matter for the Muse. The diversity of climate, the richness of soil, the endearing qualities of a genial atmosphere must no doubt furnish a just excitement to the poetic mind, and arouse that energy correspondent with a richness of scenery, which the contemplative mind will studiously portray." This thought, some twenty years later, Dr Henry J. Morgan in his valuable *Sketches of Celebrated Canadians and Persons Connected with Canada* (1865) translated into the present tense and applied to "Mr. Sangster, the Poet." "We in Canada [he wrote] are unfortunate enough not to have had many persons entitled to the distinction of being marked as poets, though possessing every facility that a grand and romantic scenic country presents, capable of exciting the proper inspiration and spirit of poetry. . . . The gentleman whose name heads this notice stands in the first rank of our Canadian poets."

The same implication, namely, that the whole duty of the poet in Canada is to be "Canadian," had already been made in the Introduction to the first anthology, the Rev Edward Hartley Dewart's *Selections from Canadian Poets* (1864), and again Sangster was declared to be the first of Canadian poets: "Indeed, in the variety of subjects selected from the scenery, seasons, and past history of this country [Dr Dewart had written] and in the success and originality with which he has treated them, he has no competitor whatever. His genius is more truly Canadian than that of any other poet of distinction in this Province."

Sangster was not—though perhaps he wanted to be—a Canadian poet of this type. Dewart and Morgan were indulging in wishful thinking. The test is the quality of the poetry. Sangster's best work is literary, and it is English. The finest passages in *The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay* have the quaint charm of a Bartlett print, and are written throughout in the literary language of *The*

[3]The one canto, however, consisted of over a thousand heroic couplets. Although the writing is often amateurish and faulty, the poem is enlivened with considerable wit and high spirits. O'Grady's dislike of Lower Canada, its French inhabitants and its bitter winters, gave a tang and bite to the verse that is not found in *The Rising Village* or *Acadia*. He evidently did not expect his Canadian poet to arise in Quebec.

Lady of the Lake.[4] The village where Mariline dwells is the village of Tennyson's May Queen, but out of it, in the strange final section at least, Sangster makes his most impressive poetry.

Mair makes a more consistent effort to become a national poet, but although he has excellent powers of observation their expression is defeated by a ruminating and undistinguished mind and the literary baggage he carries. His treatment of nature—apart from his language—is still that of Thomson and Cowper. In contrast to the treatment of Lampman and the national school that was soon to arise, it is impersonal, conventional and calm; accurate enough in observation, but not vivid enough in expression; reflective and sentimental, not imaginative or intellectual.

[4]Something of the "enthusiasm" that inspirits Sangster's best verses can be felt in his description of the Thousand Islands:

> The silver-sinewed arms of the proud Lake,
> Love-wild, embrace each islet tenderly,
> The zephyrs kiss the flowers when they wake
> At morn, flushed with a rare simplicity;
> See how they bloom around yon birchen tree,
> And smile along the bank, by the sandy shore,
> In lovely groups—a fair community!
> The embossed rocks glitter like golden ore,
> And here, the o'erarching trees form a fantastic bower.
>
> Red walls of granite rise on either hand,
> Rugged and smooth; a proud young eagle soars
> Above the stately evergreens, that stand
> Like watchful sentinels on these God-built towers;
> And near yon beds of many-colored flowers
> Browse two majestic deer, and at their side
> A spotted fawn all innocently cowers;
> In the rank brushwood it attempts to hide,
> While the strong-antlered stag steps forth with lordly stride,
>
> And slakes his thirst, undaunted, at the stream.
> Isles of o'erwhelming beauty! surely here
> The wild enthusiast might live, and dream
> His life away. No Nymphic trains appear,
> To charm the pale Ideal Worshipper
> Of Beauty; nor Neriads from the deeps below;
> Nor hideous Gnomes, to fill the breast with fear:
> But crystal streams through endless landscapes flow,
> And o'er the clustering Isles the softest breezes blow.

Here, in the final couplet at least, the language goes back beyond *The Lady of the Lake* to the graceful neo-classicism of Pope's *Pastorals*.

But there was one poet—a predecessor of Roberts and Lampman and Carman—a young woman who died almost unrecognized at the age of thirty-seven, whose poetry was everything that Mair's was not. Vivid, energetic, imaginative, intellectual: these are the epithets that describe the best poems in a crudely-bound paper-covered volume with the clumsy title *Old Spookses' Pass, Malcolm's Katie, and Other Poems*, that Isabella Valancy Crawford published at her own expense—and at a dead loss—in 1884. Although the book was praised in a number of literary journals in England as well as in Canada and by such distinguished persons as the Marquis of Lorne and the Earl of Dufferin, it was not until a collected edition of her poems was published in 1905 that Miss Crawford's real stature came to be generally recognized in Canada. Some of her lyrics—she wrote copiously for the newspapers in order to live—are conventional and sentimental in the peculiarly awful manner of Victorian album verse. But where her imagination catches fire, as it does in her poems of the Canadian wilderness, she writes cleanly and vigorously, with a rushing sweep of energy and with a boldness of imagery unapproached in Canadian poetry until we come to the contemporary work of E. J. Pratt. In *Malcolm's Katie* and *The Canoe* the very spirit of the northern woods under the changing impact of the seasons has passed into the imagery and rhythm of the verse. If there is a Canadian poetry that exists as something distinct from English poetry, this—and this almost alone—is it.

With the work of Isabella Valancy Crawford we must link that of George Frederick Cameron. Cameron, a brilliant student at Queen's University, sometime resident of Boston, a newspaper editor in Kingston, died at the age of thirty-one, and left behind him a body of poetry as individual and powerful in its very different way as that of Miss Crawford. A selection of his poems was published in 1887 under the accurate title *Lyrics on Freedom, Love, and Death*. Cameron was a classical scholar, an internationalist, a cosmopolitan. Clarity, strength, and suavity are the distinguishing features of his style. We are told that he had read the greater part of Virgil and Cicero in the original before his fourteenth year, and this discipline had left its mark on his tightly-packed, cleanly-constructed stanzas.

There is little difficulty in setting the poetry of Cameron apart from the dominant tradition of Canadian verse as it was developing

in the late eighties and nineties into a school of descriptive nature poetry. There is no effort in him to do justice to any aspect of national scenery. His themes are political, personal, and universal. They rise out of an intense love of justice and a hatred of tyranny, a passionate desire for the woman he loves, and an inescapable preoccupation with the idea of death. His command of form and of metrics is admirable, and he has the rare gift of taking a somewhat artificial style and infusing into it a tone that is energetic, convincing, and almost colloquial. There are literary echoes here and there—of Poe in the earlier pieces and sometimes of Swinburne, and the influence of *Maud* can be felt in the background of the remarkable lyric monodrama *Ysolte*.[5] Yet this is of little importance, for the literary influences are generally well assimilated. The individual quality of Cameron's best poetry is an energy that rises out of the clash of wit and intelligence with the forces of sense and passion. In a romantic age he maintained some of the classical virtues. Passionate yet resigned, and enthusiastic yet disillusioned, he was able, in the last month of his life, under the shadow of death, to write:

[5] *Ysolte* is one of the longest and most interesting of Cameron's poems. It is a melodramatic monody of the same genre as *Maud* or *Locksley Hall*. Much of the complexity of the work lies in the subtlety of the author's attitude towards his sensitive and petulant "hero" (himself in his weaker moments seen, in the hard light of his poetic intelligence, one may believe) and in the protagonist's melodramatic shifts in feeling. Nothing could be better than the psychological insight and vigorous expression of stanzas like the following:

> The prowling fox has found his prey,—
> An easy prey, an easy prize:
> So easy that some people say
> It was a willing sacrifice.
> But I say neither yea nor nay,
> Not having other people's eyes. . . .
>
> They are together much of late,
> They passed me by to-day:
> I was standing there at my gate:
> He nodded a cloudy brow—not ill,
> She shot me a smile as they rode away
> To the house beyond the hill:
> I would hate him could I hate,—
> If I learn to hate, I will.

For we shall rest. The brain that planned,
That thought or wrought or well or ill,
At gaze like Joshua's moon shall stand,
Not working any work or will;
While eye, and lip, and heart, and hand
Shall all be still—shall all be still!

IV

In 1880 Charles G. D. Roberts published *Orion and Other Poems*, and a scholarly young undergraduate at Trinity College, Toronto,—ignorant as yet of the poetry of Isabella Valancy Crawford and George Frederick Cameron—hailed the book with a significant sense of liberation and pride.

> Like most of the young fellows about me [wrote Archibald Lampman] I had been under the depressing conviction that we were situated hopelessly on the outskirts of civilization, where no art and no literature could be, and that it was useless to expect that anything great could be done by any of our companions, still more useless to expect that we could do it ourselves. I sat up most of the night reading and re-reading *Orion* in a state of the wildest excitement. . . . It seemed to me a wonderful thing that such work could be done by a Canadian, by a young man, one of ourselves.

Lampman's own first volume *Among the Millet* appeared in 1888, and in 1893 came that of his friend and fellow civil servant, Duncan Campbell Scott. The same year, too, brought Bliss Carman's *Low Tide on Grand Pré*. Thus it was that the work of four friends, all born between 1860 and 1862, inaugurated a movement that produced in Canada a body of descriptive nature poetry which, though it was sometimes indebted for style or inspiration to Keats, Tennyson, Arnold, or Swinburne, was at its best sincere and original, the expression of genuine feeling and accurate observation. Moreover these poets had a command of technique, surer and less spasmodic than that of their predecessors, which lifted them far above the rank of mere imitators of the great Victorians.

Of the four, Lampman, though he died a comparatively young man at the very height of his powers, left the most completely satisfying body of work. It is true that his reputation has suffered both from the injudicious zeal of his admirers among the academic critics, who have tried to present him as an important philosophical poet, which he was not, and from the disparagement of younger men, who have charged him with living in an ivory tower on the banks of the Ottawa unmindful of the pulsing industrialization of

Canadian life. But the truth is that the greatness of Lampman lies in the purity and sweetness of his response to nature and in his fine painter's eye for the details of landscape. Sensitive, and indeed passionate, observation upon which the artist has imposed the formal elegance of a strict but never inert control gives to poems like *Heat* or the magnificent sonnet *Winter Evening* a peculiar authenticity much more significant in its vitality than any didactic element, philosophical or social, that was or that might have been injected into his work. His best poems have a timeless and placeless beauty, which paradoxically rises out of their faithfulness to the local scene and the specific experience. In them the woods and streams and the changing seasons of Lampman's beloved Ottawa Valley have been fixed forever in the life-giving permanence of art. The Canadian poet, he once declared, "must depend solely upon himself and nature," and it is because he recognized so clearly his responsibilities and his limitations that Lampman commands so high a measure of our respect and affection.

With Bliss Carman the case is somewhat different. Carman is probably the best known of all Canadian poets, and it is true that the peculiar magic of his finest poems can transport their willing victims into a strange realm of sensation and feeling where pleasure and pain are curiously confused. But even this somewhat feverish intensity is diffused too thinly through the body of Carman's work, and sometimes it is produced by rather tawdry stimuli or by no definite stimuli at all. Even his best-known poem, the much-praised *Low Tide on Grand Pré*, after a magnificently resonant opening chord fades out into a vague and imperfectly realized emotionalism. Too often Carman was the victim of his own glibness, a glibness of feeling as well as of language. He invited his soul in a spasm of perpetual vagrancy to travel hopefully towards a spiritual goal that was attractive mainly because it was unattainable. Thus he affords an excellent, if minor, example of Mr Santayana's class of Barbarian poets, the two most distinguished members of which are Browning and Whitman, both of whom were among Carman's particular heroes.

Carman thought of himself as reacting against the effeminate poets of the decadent nineties, and he sought, in the school of Stevenson, Henley, and his friend Hovey, to sing the praises of the strenuous life, the open road, and the call of the far horizon, striving for a kind of national individuality in his imagery of maple, tama-

rack, and pine. But the inescapable impression is that Carman, like so many other red-bloods of his generation, is in essence a *fin de siècle* aesthete turned out of the overstuffed boudoir into the almost equally overstuffed outdoors.[6]

Charles G. D. Roberts and Duncan Campbell Scott, the two survivors of the group, have produced a large body of work that stands somewhere between the lyrical fervour of Carman and the contemplative precision of Lampman. They wrote lyrics, descriptive idylls, and dramatic narratives, that had for their setting the forests and rivers of the Maritimes and the Ottawa Valley and for their theme the emotional and spiritual enrichment that the earth of the new land grants to the sympathetic dweller in harmony with nature. Of the two, Roberts has been the more prolific and the more various. He has always been an extremely competent craftsman, but his inspiration has been the most genuine in his simpler, less ambitious pieces. He began, in the book that so pleased Lampman, with classical idylls imitative of Keats, and then, after producing an elaborate elegy on the poet Shelley, he turned to a delicate and objective interpretation of his native New Brunswick. Such poems as *The Solitary Woodsman*, *In the Barnyard's Southerly Corner* and the best of the sonnets in *Songs of the Common Day* (1893) shine with a sober veracity that gives them a high place in the regional art of Canada. These are Roberts' best contribution to our national literature, and they have a value far greater than that of his more pretentious work, which includes nearly all, if not quite all, of his erotic poetry and most of his transcendental pieces.[7] Sir Charles Roberts has always been an active and powerful personality, and his variety of moods and un-

[6]Because of the lyrical ardour of his best work and because of the impressive bulk of his publications, Carman has suffered from undiscriminating praise at the hands of the academic critics. The wisest judgment on him was made by Mr L. A. Mackay in the course of a lightly-turned critical dialogue he contributed to the *Canadian Forum* in 1933. "At times," wrote Mr Mackay, "Carman retains what I think is his genuinely personal note; a sort of shy, awkward, half-inarticulate adolescence, its quick fresh exuberance, the smooth-skinned, soft-fleshed delicacy, and the graceful charm of one of Donatello's youths.

"It is the great mass of inferior work that hurts his reputation. Someday, someone will make the right, judicious selection, and Carman will be rediscovered in his true place as one of the most agreeable of the American minor poets."

[7]For an excellent analysis of the irresponsibility of these see Professor James Cappon's *Roberts and the Influences of His Times* (1905), one of the classics of our literary criticism.

questioned technical facility have enabled him to keep in the forward van of popular feeling. Upon the death of Bliss Carman he took his place unchallenged as the unofficial laureate of the Dominion.

Unlike Carman and Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott has not won as wide acclaim as he deserves. This is regrettable, but it is not hard to understand. Like Lampman, Dr Scott is a scholarly poet, a conscientious and unassuming artist. His talent is quieter than that of any other poet of the group, but he is the one who shows the liveliest interest in human beings and in dramatic action. Ballads and dramatic lyrics like *At the Cedars* and *Night Burial in the Forest*, which deal with the lumber camps and the wilderness, show one aspect of Scott's art, that in which he is most clearly in the national tradition, an interpreter of something unique in the life of Canada. But he is also—as were the others of his generation—an artist working in the English tradition of Victorian romanticism. A little lyric from his first volume *The Magic House and Other Poems* (1893) will illustrate this clearly.

AT THE LATTICE

Good-night, Marie, I kiss thine eyes,
  A tender touch on either lid;
They cover, as a cloud, the skies
  Where like a star your soul lies hid.

My love is like a fire that flows,
  This touch will leave a tiny scar,
I'll claim you by it for my rose,
  My rose, my own, where'er you are.

And when you bind your hair, and when
  You lie within your silken nest,
This kiss will visit you again,
  You will not rest, my love, you will not rest.

This might have been a conventional serenade, something in the manner of the early Tennyson or a more ordinary Victorian love poet, but it is lifted into significance by the individuality and integrity of *This touch will leave a tiny scar* and the half cruel, half tender sense of power expressed by the last line. The whole little poem trembles with a strange clairvoyance: the super-sensibility of the nineties has been made to evaluate an experience in terms of the poet's own self-knowledge. It is this combination of subtlety

and honesty of feeling that gives their special worth to Duncan Campbell Scott's carefully-wrought lyrics of love and nature.

Dr Scott's life-work as an administrator in the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa has provided him with the material for many fine poems of Indian life, from *The Half-breed Girl* in his first volume to the tragic masterpiece *At Gull Lake, August, 1810* in the collection of later poems made in 1936. As an interpreter of the aborigine Duncan Campbell Scott is deserving of more serious consideration than is the widely acclaimed poetess Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake). But Miss Johnson had special advantages: she was a real Indian Princess, a genuine Half-breed Girl. What is the story of her career?

E. Pauline Johnson was born in 1862 on the Iroquois Reservation near Brantford. Her father was a full-blooded Indian, Chief of the Six Nations Confederacy, and her mother was an Englishwoman. Her poetry has been much admired in Canada, where the romantic fact of her Indian birth, played up by critics and journalists, has been accepted as convincing proof that she spoke with the authentic voice of the Red Man. She had a vigorous personality and an excellent sense of the theatre. Dressed in native costume, she read her verses with great effect to audiences in Canada, the United States, and England. Furthermore, she was enthusiastically praised by a fashionable London critic. Theodore Watts-Dunton, who had been attracted to her poems in W. D. Lighthall's *Songs of the Great Dominion* (1889), hailed her as the accredited spokesman "of the great primeval race now so rapidly vanishing," and later wrote a rhapsodic introduction to her collected poems, *Flint and Feather*, published soon after her death in 1913.

The claim that this volume contains primitive poetry or that it speaks with the true voice of the North American Indian will hardly be made by responsible criticism. Pauline Johnson's early home was not a primitive one, and she was brought up in the most cultured surroundings. Her education was literary. "She had read Scott, Longfellow, Byron, and Shakespeare," Professor Rhodenizor tells us, "before she was twelve years of age."[8] She must also have read Tennyson and Swinburne before she wrote her most characteristic lyrics. *Shadow Lake*, *The Song My Paddle Sings*, and *In the Shadows*—her best-known pieces—are decorous imitations of *Airy*, *Fairy Lillian* and *Sweet and Low*. They have a

[8] *A Handbook of Canadian Literature* (1930), 196.

graceful and easy-flowing cadence, which presents admirably vague impressions of pellucid waters and shadowy depths, but they are as empty of content as any devotee of pure poetry could wish. There is nothing primitive about them, nothing characteristic of the Indian or of Canada. They are minor Victorian escape poems, and their music is that of the waters of Putney and the gently-flowing Cam. When Miss Johnson tried to portray the feelings and aspirations of the aborigines, she became, in such poems as *A Cry from an Indian Wife*, *As Red Men Die*, and *The Pilot of the Plains*, theatrical and crude. The rhythm is heavy, the imagery conventional, and the language melodramatic and forcéd. Her best work is to be found not in her Indian poetry at all but in one or two pretty and very artificial little lyrics.[9]

Two other poets of the same generation remain to be mentioned. One of them, Wilfred Campbell, was closely associated with the four friends whose work has already been discussed. The other, Archdeacon Frederick George Scott, stands somewhat apart.

Archdeacon Scott is not, like the others, primarily a nature poet, nor is there very much in his work of a national savour. He is frankly and unmistakably in an English tradition, the tradition of Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, and Robert Bridges. In his best poems—these are nearly all, by the way, to be found concentrated in his earlier volumes and collected in the *Poems* of 1910—noble and sometimes profound thoughts have been expressed in simple, moving language, in a style that is sometimes both elegant and strong. His themes are the universal ones, love, sorrow, hope, the transmutations of time, the mystery of death, and the consolations of faith, and they are presented with a serenity and a sureness that bear witness to the consistency and discipline of the poet's world-view, which is that of Anglican Christianity. In contrast to the romantic ardour of Carman and Roberts, F. G. Scott's verse seems calm, if not cold, but it is the expression of an orderly world-view, not of adventurous gropings into the half-world of cosmic fancy. It is a measure of the poet's personality, not an exhibition of it.

Here is a little poem which has never appeared in any of our anthologies, but which—is it presumptuous to feel?—might not unworthily be set beside the poems of Herbert.

[9]Mr Robert Ayre gave a somewhat similar account of Pauline Johnson in the *Canadian Forum*, October, 1933.

"Is Sin, then, fair?"
  Nay, love, come now,
Put back the hair
  From his sunny brow;
See, here, blood-red
Across his head
A brand is set,
The word—"Regret."

"Is Sin so fleet
  That while he stays,
Our hands and feet
  May go his ways?"
Nay, love, his breath
Clings round like death,
He slakes desire
With liquid fire.

"Is Sin Death's sting?"
  Ay, sure he is,
His golden wing
  Darkens man's bliss;
And when Death comes,
Sin sits and hums
A chaunt of fears
Into man's ears.

"How slayeth Sin?"
  First, God is hid,
And the heart within
  By its own self chid;
Then the maddened brain
Is scourged by pain
To sin as before
And more and more,
  For evermore.

Wilfred Campbell perhaps had greater gifts than F. G. Scott, but he squandered them recklessly. Both in voluminousness and loftiness of theme, Campbell's work testified to the seriousness of his intention, but the solemnity of his self-dedication as a poet betrayed him into grandiosity and triviality. He lacked the ability to write well enough for long enough, and the large emotional abstractions he concerned himself with in his ode-like celebrations of Mother England and Vaster Britain seem now rather threadbare. The same is true of his mordant philosophical poems and his crowded Tennysonian dramas. Occasionally, however, in the truly

remarkable *Lazarus* and the powerful, if repulsive, ballad *The Mother* he produced a striking and original poem, though he was too careless of form and too generous with padding to do it often. His best work is his earliest, the descriptive poems that evoke the vast emptiness of the northern lake country, which were published in *Lake Lyrics* (1889).

V

Turning from these poets as individuals, we must try to make some judgment of their accomplishment as a whole, particularly that of the four leaders, Roberts, Carman, Lampman, and D. C. Scott. Orthodox critical opinion in Canada holds that their poetry represents the most complete and satisfying body of work in the whole range of our literature and is perhaps the most significant artistic and spiritual achievement in our history. These poets are our Parnassians, and the nineties, when their finest work was appearing, is our Golden Age. Undeniably, their prolific output was astonishing in a country as careless of culture as Canada was then. And more impressive than the generous bulk of their collected works—or the fact that many of their books bore the imprint of London or Boston—was the unmistakable polish, the genuine literary aura, and the high conception of the responsibilities of their craft which testified to the seriousness of their ambition. Amid the enthusiasm this flowering evoked, it seemed as if the patriotic hopes of Dr Morgan and Dr Dewart had been more than fulfilled, and that Canada, within a quarter of a century of Confederation, had produced not one but four national poets!

It was harder to realize that the concentration upon personal emotion and upon nature, while it made for an easier success, meant a serious narrowing of range and sometimes a thinning of substance. Delicate sensibility and often accurate feeling went along with a good deal of rather commonplace thinking and conventional moralizing. The highest values were placed in whatever touched the heart and spirit in the beauty of nature.

The claim of this poetry to be truly national, adequately sustained in the field of scenery and climate, must on the whole be denied to a body of work which ignored on principle the coarse bustle of humanity in the hurly-burly business of the developing nation. It was an awareness of a lack of complete relevancy that led the most acute of our older critics, the late Professor James

Cappon, to observe, "Perhaps our best Canadian poets have devoted themselves too much to an almost abstract form of nature poetry which has too little savour of the national life and the national sentiment about it and is more dependent on literary tradition than they seem to be aware of."[10]

But this is not the final word on these poets. It defines their limitations, but it does not state their value. This can be done briefly. In one respect their dependence upon literary tradition is not a defect, for it went deeper than any mere surface imitation. It arose out of a belief in the continuity of culture, and in their best work it was a preserving and a civilizing force. Living in the wilderness, they showed it was not necessary to write like barbarians. They have, it is true, except in their second-rate work, no message and no philosophy, but if their theme was narrow, it was important, and they presented it with great variety, charm, and precision. In general terms, it was nothing less than the impingement of nature in Canada upon the human spirit.

Coda

This is an account of the poetry of the past, but we cannot bring it to an end without suggesting, if only in the barest outline, some of the developments that succeeded the period we have been discussing. Briefly, these were as follows:

The powerful influence of Roberts, Carman, and Lampman made itself felt both as an inspiration and a handicap to their successors for at least two generations. In the work of Marjorie Pickthall, Francis Sherman and, more recently, Audrey Alexandra Brown the tradition of romantic nature poetry became a limiting rather than a liberating force, and its imagery, which in the older poets had usually been genuinely local, hardened into a convention. Only Tom MacInnes made out of the poetry of Bohemianism something original and interesting, a feat all the more impressive by reason of the comparative failure, on a higher level, of Bliss Carman and, on a lower, of Robert W. Service.

[10]Cappon, *op. cit.*, 84. Literary criticism in Canada has not often presented this point of view. Mr W. E. Collin in a valuable essay on Lampman in *The White Savannahs* (1936) and Mr L. A. Mackay in several articles in the *Canadian Forum* during 1932 and 1933 have laid the groundwork for a modern approach. They were anticipated in some respects by Gordon Waldron, a disciple of Goldwin Smith, who published in the *Canadian Magazine* for December, 1896, a forceful attack on the school of Roberts as poets of mere scenery.

None of these poets of the interim (1900-25) provided any link between the poets of the "Golden Age" and the younger writers of the world between the wars. This was a service performed by Mr E. J. Pratt, and he did it simply by being our greatest living poet. Pratt has created boldly and on a large scale, but the outstanding feature of his career has been the consistency of his preoccupation with the heroic and the sureness of his development in the direction of reality and moral seriousness. In the richness and variety of his diction and in his willingness to experiment with new forms, Pratt points to the work of some of his younger contemporaries, but other aspects of his art separate him from them sharply. The very expansiveness of his good nature and the exuberance of his energy serve as something of a barrier, for the younger men are divided and complex, and whatever virtues they possess, geniality and heartiness are not among them. In place of the liberal humanitarianism that underlies the work of Pratt they find their philosophy in communism or in humanism, or in the irony and despair of an aesthetic detachment. The tradition of romantic nature poetry which arose with Sangster and Mair and came to its finest flower in the work of Isabella Valancy Crawford, Archibald Lampman and Duncan Campbell Scott is now quite dead. What the younger poets of today are bringing back to Canadian verse is an intellectualism unknown since Heavysege and a merging of personality into a classicism of form that might find its exemplar in Cameron.

This is a synopsis only, too briefly sketched to compel conviction. To do that—to fill in the details, to name names, and to bring forward illustrations and examples—must be left for another occasion or a more authoritative hand.

THE LITERATURE OF THE DIGGERS

J. MAX PATRICK

COMMUNIST movements have appeared in all the great middle-class revolutions. The Diggers, who were the communists of the Puritan Revolution, were less conscious of what they were doing than modern Marxists. Because capitalist industry was little developed, they failed to envisage a specifically proletarian revolution, and their ideal was an agrarian communism. But they began the theory of utopian socialism and economic democracy. They attempted a socialist community; they sketched the outlines of a socialist constitution; and, in response to the material circumstances in which they found themselves, they developed certain phases of Puritan thought in the direction of socialism. Although local landlords and the armed forces of the state broke up their experiment, leaving their theories apparently discredited and their influence negligible, they nevertheless produced pamphlets which throw much light on the nature of Puritanism, and which contain a ruthless analysis of the cause, nature, and significance of the English Revolution. These constitute a literature which is significant in its anticipations of modern socialist thought, striking in its power of phrase and image, potent in its iconoclasm, suggestive of Traherne in its mysticism and pantheism, and indicative of the seventeenth-century trend towards secularism and materialism.

[1] *Left-Wing Democracy in the English Civil War: A Study of the Social Philosophy of Gerrard Winstanley*, by DAVID W. PETEGORSKY. London, 1940.

The Works of Gerrard Winstanley; with an Appendix of Documents relating to the Digger Movement, edited with an Introduction by GEORGE H. SABINE. Ithaca, N.Y., Cornell University Press, 1941.

It is regrettable that Professor Sabine felt unable to include more than brief extracts of Winstanley's three earliest pamphlets; as will be seen from what follows they are important for an understanding of Winstanley's thought. He has omitted to transcribe the complete title pages of Winstanley's works. The Diggers made extensive use of verses and songs to spread their ideas, and several of the title pages contain such verses. I quote one from *A Watchword to the City of London* (Bodleian copy), which is significant because it shows that Winstanley was writing not only for his own times, but for future generations as well:

> When these clay bodies are in grave, and children stand in place,
> This shows we stood for truth and peace, and freedom in our days;
> And trueborn sons we shall appear of England that's our mother,
> No priests no lawyer's wiles t'embrace, their slavery we'll discover.

For the rest, the care and completeness of the edition seem to demand the highest praise.

Clearly the Diggers have been too long neglected, and there is reason to welcome two recent books about them: the works of Gerrard Winstanley, edited with an introduction by Professor Sabine, and a monograph on their social philosophy by Dr David Petegorsky.

Dr Petegorsky's study is by far the best Marxist interpretation of the English Revolution which has yet appeared. It is scholarly, moderate in tone, and interestingly written. The glaring over-simplifications which mar most of the works of materialistic historians are avoided; difficulties of interpretation are faced, and uncertainties are acknowledged; and the potent influence of ideas and political factors, as well as their economic bases, are dealt with. Petegorsky shows the place of the Digger Movement as a link in the long chain of socialist thought which stretches back to the agrarian revolts of the Middle Ages. He subjects the background of the Civil War to an analysis which discloses the fundamental conflicts of class and economic interests. The function of theories as weapons with which the struggle was waged is elucidated, and their adaptations to changing circumstances are traced, as well as the use to which the religious issue was put. Later chapters deal with the evolution of radical political thought during the Civil War, and give an interpretation of the career and writings of Gerrard Winstanley.

Dr Petegorsky is perhaps oversympathetic to the Digger cause. For example, his generalization that the Diggers "looked to the future rather than the past" (p. 13) needs qualification. For though Winstanley's ideas are astounding in their anticipations of modern communism, he was nevertheless looking backward to a primitive agrarian communism. He held the theory that the Civil War was fought to overthrow the "Norman yoke," that is, the restrictive vestiges of feudalism and its later adaptations which impeded English prosperity and progress; and he claimed that the war was fought not merely to free the lands of the gentry from such "Norman" entanglements as knight's tenure, but also to establish the right of the common people to take over the commons and wastes and to end the property rights of lords of manors over them. He was thus looking back to an idealized pre-Conquest, pre-feudal period. Moreover it should not be forgotten that the attempt of the Diggers was purely symbolical—a fact which Dr Petegorsky ignores. "I took my spade and went

and broke the ground upon George Hill in Surrey," Winstanley informs the City of London, "thereby declaring freedom to the creation, and that the earth must be set free from entanglements of lords and landlords, and that it shall become a common treasury to all. . . ."[2] He asserted that he and his fellows had been told "by vision in dreams, and out of dreams, that that should be the place we should begin upon; and though that earth in view of flesh be very barren, yet we should trust the Spirit for a blessing."[3] This was no local and self-interested action: it symbolized the assumption of ownership of the common lands by the common people. Nevertheless, the soil of St. George's Hill was very barren: it consists of unfertile Bagshot sand,[4] and if it was to be successfully cultivated, it had to be marled and manured. Winstanley's expectation that God would fertilize it was obviously fantastic; it is certain that his experiment would have failed even if it had not been persecuted out of existence. A heavy expenditure of capital was necessary if the common lands of England were to be made productive. If the nation was to progress economically, it needed increased production of foodstuffs. Artisans and others engaged in manufacturing processes could then buy food cheaply and easily. This would make low wages possible, and as a result the costs of producing manufactured articles could be lowered. Only in this way could England compete successfully with the Dutch and the French for European and colonial markets. Thus English expansion and prosperity depended on successful large-scale farming methods. Capitalistic farming was the logical answer to this need. Winstanley's largely self-sufficient collectivist communities could hardly have satisfied it; he was blind to the significance of the commercial and industrial changes of his period. His plan was too primitive. Admittedly he was more progressive than were the Levellers who sought to prolong the inefficiency of small-scale individualist farming: the yeomen farmers lacked the capital necessary for efficient production for the market. But Winstanley looked back to a primitive agrarian communism, which, although it was to be aided by the new science, would hardly have

[2] *A Watchword to the City of London*, in Sabine, pp. 315-16. I have modernized spelling and punctuation in all my quotations.

[3] *The True Levellers' Standard*, in Sabine, p. 260.

[4] *Victoria County History of Surrey*, edited by H. E. Malden, London, 1911, III, p. 467.

been productive enough to provide a basis for English commercial expansion. Large-scale capitalism was the means to progress in the circumstances of the time. We may deplore its brutality; we may wax sentimental over the disappearance of the yeoman farmer; but the fact remains that an increase in the national wealth could come only by means of free capitalist development: it was an essential condition of economic, social, and cultural advancement. The Digger movement was progressive only in the theories of some of its intellectuals; its vision centred on memories of a pre-feudal, primitive past. Though Winstanley accurately forecasted the tendency of economic development towards large estates, he was unpractical in desiring them to be run on primitive communal lines rather than by private enterprise or efficient collectivist production. To the extent to which the Diggers looked forward, their movement was premature; on the whole it was retrospective.

In Dr Petegorsky's brief but admirable treatment of the concrete meaning of "liberty" for the various classes of England in th e1640's (pp. 60-1), he, like all writers on the seventeenth century, fails to remember that the mediaeval conception of liberties was by no means dead in the seventeenth century. When James I uses the word in *The True Law of Free Monarchies*, he does not mean that monarchies are free from all control, but that they own certain *libertates*, feudal proprietary or jurisdictional rights. Much of the seventeenth-century struggle for liberties was a struggle not for freedom from controls but for legal claims to exercise and possess such jurisdictional and property rights. This is particularly true of the demand for the "liberties" of Parliament.

The main sources on which Dr Petegorsky's study is based, the writings of Gerrard Winstanley and other documents connected with the Diggers, are printed in Professor Sabine's volume, where they occupy six hundred pages. They are preceded by an excellent Introduction. Happily there is hardly any overlapping between the two pieces of scholarship. Professor Sabine shows the significance and interest of Winstanley's writings and investigates their probable sources. He centres his study upon Winstanley's type of mystical experience, which he regards as the mainspring of the communism of the Diggers. From an examination of this experience and the phases of Puritan thought with which Winstanley was most closely allied, there emerges the dis-

covery that Puritanism contained ideas that were radically opposed to each other.

It may be objected that Professor Sabine pushes this distinction too far. His view is that Calvinism insisted on a creed, a church discipline and the outlines of a rational theology, whereas the Quaker type of experience—the mystical reception of direct divine revelation—did away with any necessity for priest, church, scriptures, or doctrines; that the Calvinists insisted on rational support for an experience, but the clairvoyance of the Puritan mystics transcended either sensuous or rational knowledge with a certainty which transcended the authority of church or scripture. Essentially this distinction is that which Troeltsch makes between the church-type and the sect-type. As Professor Woodhouse warns, it is tempting to adopt and enforce this distinction. But to do so is to oversimplify: Calvinism itself contained both types of experience, the self-authenticating and the one which required rational justification. It allowed for a good deal of experiential religion and laid no little stress on the personal faith, character, and experiences of its individual members. The opposition was not as radical as Professor Sabine supposes. Both Winstanley and the Calvinists sought to constitute a holy community; neither would leave the world to perish in its own fashion; and both, constituted as a holy community, sought "to impose their will upon the world and to inaugurate an outward conformity to their standards—a result which approximates to the course taken by Calvinism as a church-type, but must be distinguished from it."[5] Thus in Winstanley's utopia, the dominance of his communist ideal is ensured by specified types of teaching and is enforced by laws, magistrates, and a citizen army. Similarly his use of arguments from scripture was not merely an attempt to argue in terms of others' beliefs: he regarded them as the accounts of experiences of other men, accounts which had some authority, though not as much as was given them by the Calvinists. Likewise, the Calvinists granted that God spoke not only through his word, but through immediate personal experience like that which Winstanley stressed at the time of his transition to communism. And both of them acknowledged the importance of God's will as revealed in events. Thus the difference between these Puritans, though considerable, was not radical; it was only a difference of degree.

[5]A. S. P. Woodhouse, *Puritanism and Liberty*, "Introduction," pp. 36-7.

II

Neither Professor Sabine nor Dr Petegorsky draws attention to the literary significance and value of the Digger pamphlets. We shall try in the space that remains to us to make good this omission and incidentally to show that a knowledge of Winstanley's early religious tracts is essential to an understanding of the development of his ideas, and that they contain most of the seeds of his later teachings. Both Sabine and Petegorsky dismiss them too lightly. The former prints only brief abstracts of the first three pamphlets, and the latter says that they contain "scarcely a hint of any awareness of the political and social problems of the period" (p. 124). Other questions raised by the two scholars will be examined in the course of the discussion of the literary importance of the Diggers.

The influence of science, and particularly of the Royal Society, upon the transformation in English prose style in the third quarter of the seventeenth century has been somewhat exaggerated; for other forces were already modifying it. Some of the Puritan revolutionists were not only endeavouring to throw off the restrictions of decadent late feudalism, vested economic interests, ecclesiastical control and monarchical domination, but were also striving to rid themselves of the tyranny of words. The language of their period was better suited to an older, more static, less capitalistic society, and it was becoming increasingly difficult to accommodate to the new circumstances. Extreme radicals like the Diggers found it particularly restrictive.

The Diggers' social ideal was a somewhat primitive, agrarian society of peasant co-operatives, free from the complications and subtleties of a moneyed economy, an ecclesiastical system, and urban domination. Likewise in the field of verbal expression they wished to simplify language, to cut the knot of tyranny, restriction and propaganda, which enthralled them, and so to revert to a clearer, simpler, more concrete mode of expression. In their desire for a clear, self-expressive and self-authenticating language they were not alone. It was the ideal of linguistic scholars from Bacon and Bedell to Dalgarno and Wilkins.[6]

[6]Francis Bacon, *Novum Organum*, aphorisms 43, 59 and 60; Otto Funke, "Sprachtphilosophische Probleme bei Bacon" (*Englische Studien*, LXI, 24 ff.); A. Clogie, "Speculum Episcoporum: Life and Death of Bedell" (in *Two Biographies of William Bedell, Bishop of Kilmore*, ed. E. D. Schuckburgh, Cambridge, 1902, 110); George Dalgarno, *Ars Signorum, Vulgo Character Uni-*

The Diggers had taken over the Leveller theory of the English Revolution, that it was an attempt to overthrow the feudal tyranny or "Norman yoke" as they called it, which had been imposed upon Englishmen by William the Conqueror. They regarded the Conquest as a sort of political fall of man; and they tended to project their ideals into a romantic picture of pre-Conquest England. Even the language of the Anglo-Saxons was idealized as being free from the insidious tyrannizing complications of the latinized, gallicized vocabulary which the Normans had brought in. John Hare had written of pre-Norman England:

> We were also blest with a hopeful language .... Our language was a dialect of the Teutonic ... fruitful and copious in significant and well-sounding roots and primitives, and withal capable and apt for diffusion from those her roots into such Greek-like ramosity of derivations and compositions beyond the power of the Latin and her offspring dialects, as might have with majesty, delight and plainness interpreted our conceptions and the writings of foreigners to the capacity of any Englishman, without the help of a dictionary or the knowledge of two or three other languages, which is now requisite to him that will rightly understand or speak even usual English.[7]

In keeping with this view, the Diggers expressed themselves in a simple, homely, visual language, largely in concrete Anglo-Saxon words. But this was not because they lacked the ability to think in abstract terms. Winstanley shows this ability in his early tracts; and he was sufficiently well educated to quote Latin. Thus the qualities of his style cannot be attributed to the peasant's inability to think except in concrete terms. Indeed the concreteness of Winstanley's language and images was the result of a conscious effort to eliminate confusing overtones of meaning. He tried to see the object as it really was; and as a result, nearly everything that he wrote after his conversion to communism in 1648 has a clarity and vividness of its own. And it is easy to translate his concrete language into modern abstract terms which make manifest his incisive analysis of a society based on money and private property.

Nevertheless, Winstanley's ideas were in advance of his vocabulary. Like many of his contemporaries he was trying to express new things; and since a new terminology was not available, he attempted to formulate his theories in standard theological terms.

---

versalis et Lingua Philosophica (London, 1661); John Wilkins, *An Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language* (London, 1668).

[7] *St. Edward's Ghost* (London, 1647), pp. 12-13.

As a result, he was often forced into allegorical language or symbolism. Jakob Boehme in Germany had felt the same difficulty, and had had recourse to alchemy for much of his vocabulary; and the seventeenth-century search for a scientific self-expressive language was inspired by the same sense of the inadequacy of existing terminology. Indeed much of the apparent complexity and confusion of Puritan thought was due to an attempt to put new wine in old bottles. Vocabulary and images no longer corresponded to realities in a modern world which was increasingly different from the late-feudal society for which they had been apt. The revival of classical studies had provided learned men with a set of words and concepts with which to batter down part of the old, no longer functional civilization. The Bible itself, reinforced by the doctrine of scriptural authority, had provided another armoury with which to attack the ideas and institutions of the old order. But for radical thinkers of the revolutionary period, even the Bible was proving an obstacle to free thought and progress. Scriptural authority had been so valuable an instrument in removing the barriers which stood in the way of the new order, that the Bible and its phrases took on a special sanctity. It was hard for the radicals to think their way clear of them, for the scriptures had become a main bulwark and sanction protecting and ensuring the gains already made by progressive groups. Accordingly most Puritans maintained the authority of the Bible for defensive purposes, but tried to reinterpret its terms and concepts to suit their needs. Advanced radicals like Winstanley attacked the authority and textual soundness of the Bible. He looked for the revelation of God's will in the teleology of nature and events, and especially in the inner voice. But in spite of this, he repeatedly refers to the Bible; he thinks in its terms for the most part; and he justifies his inward convictions by finding parallels in the experiences of others as recounted in it. The tendency of his thought and expression is, in general, that of his age, from religiosity to secularism. But he thinks to a great extent within the old framework. He begins to break down scriptural authority by giving allegorical interpretations; then for a time he looks to an inwardly experienced divine revelation as the main source of truth, though it is one for which he still finds sanction in the Bible; and in his final stage, at the time when he was writing *The Law of Freedom*, he still tends to find a scriptural sanction for his theories, though in the main he

looks to practical experience, rational argument, common sense and usefulness as the main tests of their acceptability.

In his first three pamphlets he was still enthralled by conventional religious phrases. The saints, it seems, are to endure material oppression passively, and are to find comfort in the opiates of spiritual enjoyment and confidence in ultimate divine deliverance. Although Winstanley had been ruined by the wars, he persuaded himself that this mattered little. "Formerly," he writes, "my life and joy was bound up in creatures, in riches, in friends, in self-satisfaction, in my pride, covetousness and contents of the flesh. Ah! but now my life is the enjoyment of my God."[8]

But new meanings were already forcing their way into the old phrases, although it was only when Winstanley became a convert to communism that he realized their full implications. The germs of his later teachings are discoverable even in the early pamphlets. He is already on the verge of asserting the common man's right to independent judgment when he states that God manifests himself in the despised, unlearned and poor.[9] He already sees a sort of class war between the wicked wealthy ruling classes, which he symbolizes as "the Beast," and the suffering, impoverished saints of the unpropertied classes; and he envisages a co-operative utopia where "these great national divisions" will be "swallowed up in brotherly oneness."[10] He talks in terms which would make the despised workers conscious of their class and the necessity of class unity. Thus he speaks of the need for unity in Christ against the Serpent (that is, cohesion of the oppressed saints against their wealthy oppressors), of the common burden and moral code peculiar to the saints, and their expectation of unity, power and happiness in the future. He even asserts that the saints will "break the Serpent's head by Christ's strength in them." Thus his advocacy of unity in Christ amounts to a plea for the workers to unite: they are to give up personal ends and to devote themselves to their common interests. Christ is identified with working men: he was "reproached under the name of mechanic tradesman, a carpenter."[11] Winstanley goes on to object that in his day such

[8] *The Breaking of the Day of God* (London, 1649), p. 71. I quote from the copy in the library of Jesus College, Oxford. The first edition appeared in 1648.

[9] *The Mystery of God* (London, 1649), prefatory epistle. Quoted from the copy in Jesus College, Oxford. The first edition appeared in 1648.

[10] *The Breaking of the Day of God*, *ut sup.*, prefatory epistle.

[11] *Ibid.*, pp. 11, 10-11, 11, 12, 14.

men are not allowed to work out their own ideas. The Beast, that is, the privileged classes, will not allow "shepherds and fishermen or tradesmen that are unlearned in men's writings . . . to preach the Gospel."[12] Thus even in his early pamphlets, Winstanley sees a struggle between the common people and their sympathizers on the one side, and, on the other, the vested interests of kings, priests and prophets who control "human law," "compulsive power" and all the means of influencing men's opinions; and he realizes that the ungodly privileged classes use their "religion" to preserve themselves and their material interests. Thus "the Beast makes directories and church governments not according to Scripture, but by her conclusions and inferences from Scripture that agree . . . with her own being and maintenance."[13]

Like the shrewdest of his contemporaries, Hobbes and Harrington, Winstanley saw the Civil War as a conflict between greedy and hypocritical men, fighting, on both sides, for material ends. It was a view which he was to develop in future pamphlets, but it already occurs in the early ones. "The national peace and liberty is pretended," he warns his readers, ". . . but secretly most men, both of high and low degree, intend either to enrich themselves with the kingdom's moneys and ruins or else, by their secret underhand working, endeavour to vent their malice upon the kingdom's friends, even the saints."[14]

Winstanley had been ruined by the wars; and his mental evolution, as revealed in the early pamphlets, had brought him to the verge of communism. Consequently, in the autumn of 1648, after he met William Everard, a visionary who heard inner voices urging him to communism,[15] it was easy and almost inevitable for Winstanley's mind to work in the same way. He too heard voices in trances, and out of trances, urging not quietism, passive endurance and spiritual consolations, but social action and communism. He ceased to wait passively for God to establish the Saints' Paradise. He believed in a pantheistic principle of order in the universe, which he called "Reason" or "the Spirit of Reason." This Reason now impelled him to positive action. He began to

[12] *Ibid.*, p. 64.

[13] *Ibid.*, p. 88.

[14] *The Saints' Paradise* (London, 1648?), pp. 18-19. Quoted from the copy in Jesus College, Oxford. There are two editions of this pamphlet, both undated.

[15] *The Declaration and Standard of the Levellers of England Delivered in a Speech . . . by Mr Everard* (London, 1649), p. 2.

believe that to live in community with this spirit of the universe man had need to devote himself to righteous social action: co-operation in distress, resistance to oppression, above all positive deeds: doing unto all creatures as you would be done by.

Winstanley's language reflects this change. The early tracts had been full of words of peace, quiet, comfort, acceptance and meek endurance. But *Truth Lifting up Its Head*, the pamphlet which marks the transition to communism, is alive with words denoting action. Thus he defines the reasonable, righteous life as an active positive one. It occurs "when a man lives in all acts of love to his fellow creatures, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, relieving the oppressed, seeking the preservation of others as well as himself." "Let your chief endeavour be to act," he urges, "according to your creation, that is to do as you would be done unto by all creatures." "And I'll tell you," he continues, "this is as needful a gospel doctrine to be practised as any I know for the present." In addition there is a new vigour and confidence in all that he writes. In spite of his old religion he is moving towards communism: thus he unhesitatingly identifies God with Reason and cuts that Gordian knot of ideas and phrases which had been obfuscating his thought. "I am made to change the name from God to Reason," he asserts, "because I have been held under darkness by that word."

Previously Winstanley had stressed the necessity of bearing witness of Christ to other men. But now he urges not merely a showing of character and righteousness, but testimony in action He is prepared to demonstrate truth working in practice, by the symbolical act of digging on the common land in Surrey. Like the new scientists he was using the method of experiment and demonstration.

His attacks on the clergy take on a more bitter flavour. The old meekness changes, and there is irony, sting and graphic direction in his phrases. "One company of you says this translation is the truth," he tells the ministers, "and then the people must be forced to follow you: 'Lo! here is Christ,' saith the prelates. Another company of you says such a translation is the truest; and then the people must be forced to . . . cry, 'Lo! here is Christ.' First here in the Presbytery, then there in the Independency; and thus you lead the people like horses by the noses."

> Leave off your trade, ye proud priests then,
> and trouble not the Spirit.

he commands. And later his language grows even stronger:

> For you as traitors to our God
> have stood to justify
> That your constructions all are truths
> and other lights a lie. . . .
>
> Leave off therefore, I say, betimes,
> and stoop unto our God
> If ye would life and peace enjoy
> with them that know the Lord.[16]

Here indeed is a confident potency of word and phrase!

There is an immediacy about Winstanley's words. In most cases they correspond directly to the ideas which he tries to convey. Thus in his use of the word "stoop" there is no straining after effect. The word comes directly, naturally and aptly. It has the force of a metaphysical poet's conceit, but without its confusing quality. Yet despite its apparent simplicity, its meaning involves Winstanley's main theme: men must look to the earth; they will find communion with God in the nature of things.

Nevertheless, he sometimes finds it almost impossible to discover a word or phrase which will be perfectly apt and correspondent to his meaning. Thus he struggles, with only moderate success, to express the idea of the principle of order and system in the universe which is his conception of God. In *The Saints' Paradise* he has come to believe that God is "no unknowable being living beyond the moon," but "a spirit and power living in every man and woman." But he also eulogizes Reason in this pamphlet: "It is Reason that made all things, and it is Reason that governs the whole universe."[17] In his next publication he was to substitute "Reason" for "God." He defines it as "that living power of light that is in all things. . . . It lies at the bottom of love, of justice, of wisdom. For if the Spirit Reason did not uphold and moderate these, they would be madness; . . . for Reason guides them in order and leads them to their right end, which is not to preserve a part, but the whole creation." Later he adds that it "is that spiritual power that guides all men's reasoning in right order and to a right end." "I see him to be that living powerful light that

[16] *Truth Lifting up Its Head*, in Sabine, pp. 111, 125, 105, 100, 145.
[17] *The Saints' Paradise*, *ut sup.*, pp. 55-6, 78.

is in righteousness, making righteousness to be righteousness, or justice to be justice, or love to be love."

This conception of Reason resembles the philosophical doctrine of the Logos. Winstanley regards it as above the world and prior to it, but also in the world, though separable from it. It is like a law of nature which gives order, regularity and system to all things and their relations; but it is also a νους or σοφια to which, as in Plato, the order of the world is due. It is not an instrument or agent of some God, but is the creating, revealing, ordering force wherever it is found. It seems not to have personality; yet, like the theological Logos of John, it not only creates and sustains, but also redeems.

Winstanley's religion has an element of pantheism. He feels that, fighting against all that is anarchic and contradictory in the world, there is a something which gives the world coherence and intelligibility. This something contains the universe within itself, and the universe develops from it. It is living, active intelligence, realizing itself in individual things and knitting them into unity. It rules and governs in every creature according to its nature and being, but supremely in man, who is therefore called rational.[18]

Winstanley's pantheistic conception of God as immanent within the entire universe resembles the pantheism of Traherne. He seeks communion through nature with the Spirit Reason which pervades it, and contends that voluntary subjection to this spirit of righteousness as it dwells within man will bring him "into community with the whole globe," and thus to "community with him who is the Father of all things."[19]

Later Winstanley stresses the materialistic side of his pantheism. Thus he asserts that "the great world wherein are variety of creatures, a sun, moon, stars, earth, grass, plants, cattle, fish, fowl and man, the lord over the lower creatures, all sweetly conjoined to preserve each other, is no other but Christ spread forth in the creation, and so upholding the creation by his own wisdom and power; for he is the maker, the preserver and restoring Spirit." "The mighty Creator," he writes, "may at length be known in the

[18] *Truth Lifting up Its Head*, in Sabine, pp. 104-6, 108; quotations above from pp. 104-5, 105.

[19] *The Saints' Paradise*, *ut sup.*, prefatory epistle, and p. 56.

clear-sighted experience of one single creature, man, by seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling." "I tell you," he asserts later, "this great mystery . . . must be seen by the material eyes of the flesh."[20]

The same view is better expressed, in words suggestive of Traherne in *Fire in the Bush*: "The whole creation of fire, water, earth and air, and all the varieties of bodies made up thereof, is the clothing of God; . . . he is in all things, and by him all things consist." The material world is thus the manifestation of God. But God is most fully present in the proper nature of man: "when man lives in that life of universal love, then God walks and delights himself in his garden mankind; and man, who is a living soul, consisting of hearing, seeing, tasting, smelling, feeling, hath sweet content and communion with that ruling spirit of love, righteousness and peace within."

This symbolic use of the Garden of Eden is as full of meaning for Winstanley as for Marvell and Milton in their poems. He introduces it repeatedly. "For as the great earth," he writes, "and the inferior creatures therein are as the commons, forests, and delights of God in the outcoasts of creation, even so mankind, the living earth, is the very Garden of Eden wherein that Spirit of Love did walk and delight himself principally." This Eden which symbolizes mankind, is also regarded as the main battleground of a cosmic struggle between Reason and Selfish Imagination.[21] "Now these two powers did the Father ordain should have their course to rule in the earth mankind. And this is that day and night, the light and darkness, winter and summer, heat and cold, moon and sun, that is typed out by the fabric of the great world; for within these two powers is the mystery of all divine workings wrapped up."[22] The Diggers' attempt to cultivate the common lands was an aspect of the same struggle.[23]

A sense of conflict underlies most of the literature of the seventeenth century, and is a reflection of its social and political struggles. Struggle is clearly present in Vaughan and Marvell and is central in the thought of John Milton. For him liberty is a state of virtue and grace attained when right reason in a man has

[20] *The New Law of Righteousness*, in Sabine, pp. 164-5, 165, 170.
[21] *Fire in the Bush*, in Sabine, pp. 451, 458-9, 451, 481.
[22] *The New Law of Righteousness*, in Sabine, p. 177.
[23] *A Letter to the Lord Fairfax*, in Sabine, p. 281.

been victorious in the struggle to control the passions. Satan is the symbol of the unruly, undisciplined elements in man and the universe struggling for deceptively attractive but untrue freedom in conflict with Christ the Word, who is a principle of reason, order, true liberty and virtue, and who creates and gives form and being to everything in the universe. The same struggle is reiterant throughout the creation. But Winstanley goes beyond Milton: he even finds it in the class struggle in England, about which he was deeply troubled.

For he was a man of deep feeling, as we see by the metaphors and similes which he uses. They spring from his own experience, and they pierce the mind of the reader with the suddenness and force of a searchlight in the blackout. Thus he writes that "the present state of the old world . . . is running up like a parchment in the fire, and wearing away"; he speaks of the Civil War laying men down "in the kennel of injustice"; he tells how the judges buy and sell justice, and then "wipe their mouths like Solomon's whore, and say 'it is my calling' "; and he points out how "pure Reason lives like a corn or wheat, under the clods of the earth or beast, and is not yet risen up to rule as king." He is fond of country metaphors. Thus the plain-hearted state of a man "is open to many crosses and tears, like the tender grass that is soon bruised by the foot of the ox."[24]

The sources of most of Winstanley's ideas cannot be traced with any definiteness. He denied that they derived from books or men, but he must have had some contact with currents of thought which flowed from the continental Anabaptists, and a fairly close relationship with Familist theories as spread by the English societies of the Family of Love. Information furnished about 1648 shows that there were groups advocating communism and doctrines like those of Winstanley. It was reported that "The Families of the Mount hold that all things are common and live in contemplation all together, denying all prayers and the resurrection of the body or that there are any heaven or hell but what is in this life."[25]

Such currents of thought are briefly traced by Professor Sabine. But he has failed to notice one important source of the ideas in

[24] *The True Levellers' Standard* (Sabine, p. 252); *A New-Year's Gift* (p. 361); *Fire in the Bush* (p. 478).

[25] *C. S. P. Dom., 1648-49*, p. 425; information furnished by Dr Lambe.

The Law of Freedom in a Platform. This was More's *Utopia*, a work well known and influential in the seventeenth century and readily available in editions published in 1597, 1624, and 1639.[26] In both utopias, communism, toleration, and natural religion are practised. Internal trade and the use of money are forbidden; distribution is through common storehouses; the family is the unit of society; the economic system is based primarily on the cultivation of the land, although in Winstanley's utopia more attention is paid to natural science; discipline and regulation by overseers and laws are essentially the same; and the educational systems are similar. Indeed the influence of More is so clear in *The Law of Freedom* that no detailed demonstration is needed to prove it.

The influence of another utopia upon Winstanley's thought may not have been direct, but is likely. Winstanley's panegyric on natural science in his utopia was certainly in the Baconian tradition, and may well have sprung from a reading of *The New Atlantis*. At the same time, it is an integral part of Winstanley's own teachings. The foe against which he ever struggled was obscurantism in all its forms. Communism was to provide material conditions which would free men's minds and bodies. It would enable them to discover the secrets of God immanent in his works in nature. The prospect of this knowledge moved Winstanley to the finest passage in all his works. It is typical of the man at his best, and shows both the excellences and the defects of his style and language; it reveals the materialistic nature of the final stage of his pantheism; and it is representative of both the aspiration and the humility which characterized this long-neglected genius:

> To know the secrets of nature is to know the works of God. And to know the works of God within the creation is to know God himself; for God dwells in every visible work or body.
>
> And indeed if you would know spiritual things, it is to know how the spirit or power of wisdom and life, causing motion, or growth, dwells within, and governs both the several bodies of the stars and planets in the heavens above; and the several bodies of the earth below, as grass, plants, fishes, birds, beasts, and mankind; for to reach God beyond the creation, or to know what he wills to be a man after the man is dead, (if any otherwise than to scatter him into his essences of fire, water, earth and air, of which he is compounded) is a knowledge beyond the line or capacity of man to attain to while he lives in his compounded body.[27]

[26] I have discovered more than 17 references to More's *Utopia* in works published in English between 1600 and 1650.

[27] *The Law of Freedom*, in Sabine, p. 565.

SIR OLIVER LODGE

A. Vibert Douglas

IT is not always easy to appraise the influence of a man of science who has achieved eminence in his chosen field. To do so becomes an almost impossible task when the scientist lays science aside as his major interest and turns to the realm of psychic phenomena. Thereafter many scientists look upon him with a feeling of distrust, the average man is incredulous and makes disparaging comments, while people least qualified to judge of the value and significance of psychic research are loudest in their scorn and ridicule. A scientific reputation built up by long years of arduous labour and genuine achievement can suffer almost complete eclipse in this way. Only a relatively few sober scholars will not be misled: they will judge the scientific work at its true worth, undisturbed by the subsequent or overlapping activities of the same man in the psychic field. They will acknowledge his greatness even though they may have little or no sympathy with investigation into occult phenomena.

Among other names, those of Emanuel Swedenborg, William Crooks and Oliver Lodge come to mind in this connection. How far has the scientific reputation of each suffered because his name is associated in the general mind with visions and revelations, with mediums and seances? It is the influence of Lodge that particularly interests me. I have heard some of the greatest scientists in the University of Cambridge laugh at his preoccupation with psychic phenomena and deride Raymond's heavenly cigars, yet acknowledge the greatness of Lodge the physicist. I have heard many people who have never read *Raymond*, scoff at it as nonsense, and not one of them when asked about the legitimate scientific work of its author, even knew that he was an experimental physicist by training and the leading pioneer worker in wireless telegraphy.

I have never read *Raymond* myself (being one of those who find problems enough in the physical world), and I am no judge whatever of the value of his contributions in that sphere of thought and experience. But if Lodge the spiritualist has had no marked influence upon me, Lodge the man, and Lodge the man of science, have influenced me considerably. It is for this reason that I have attempted to recapture events of the past in order to present for any

who may read what are apparently little known aspects of this remarkable man.

Twenty-seven years ago an undergraduate paused to look at the titles of the books displayed in a shop window. *Man and the Universe* by Sir Oliver Lodge—what a title! And the name of the author was a name to conjure with, because the student knew in a vague way that this was the principal of a university, a physicist and an educationalist, an active member of the Society for Psychical Research, knighted while he was its president. The small book, one of an English shilling series, was purchased and carried away with a feeling of high expectancy and proud possession. Delving into Section I, entitled "Science and Faith," of which Chapter I was headed "The Outstanding Controversy," the undergraduate was enthralled by the challenge with which contradictory points of view were set forth and the unflinching courage of the man who in those pages was seeking for the truth. Picking up a pencil, the student marked certain passages; and then and there some of the ideas of Sir Oliver Lodge made a lasting impression upon the mind of one of his readers.

Today I hold in my hand this little volume and re-read some of the marked passages:

> This is the standing controversy. . . . Is the world controlled by a living Person, accessible to prayer, influenced by love, able and willing to foresee, to intervene, to guide, and wistfully to lead without compulsion spirits that are in some sort akin to Himself?
>
> Or is the world a self-generated, self-controlling machine, complete and fully organized for movement, either up or down, for progress or degeneration, according to the chances of heredity and the influence of environment? . . .
>
> Do we live in a universe permeated with life and mind: life and mind independent of matter and unlimited in individual duration? Or is life limited, in space to the surface of planetary masses, and in time to the duration of the material envelope essential to its manifestation? . . .
>
> We are rising to the conviction that we are a part of nature and so a part of God; that the whole creation . . . is working together towards some great end; and that now, after ages of development, we have at length become conscious portions of the great scheme and can cooperate in it with knowledge and with joy.

My thoughts go back along the years to the first time I read these passages, and then forward again ten years to Cambridge on a Sunday in February, 1923. Between King's Parade and the Market Place, is the historic gray church of St Edward the King, a church of royal foundation, independent of the bishop of the diocese and therefore free to invite whom it will to occupy its pulpit.

Here it was that I first saw and heard Sir Oliver Lodge. And what a man he was—like a commanding prophet of Israel he stood in the pulpit, tall far beyond the average, magnificent in frame, massive head, white hair and beard. From the text "I and the Father are one; . . . the Father is greater than I," out of what he termed "the central chapter of the New Testament," he preached a sermon of stimulating interest and spiritual depth.

The following Monday night was as wild and wet, as dark and dank, as a winter night in the fenland can be. A large college hall was crowded with students. The chairman, Sir Ernest Rutherford, and the Electrical Club's guest speaker, Sir Oliver Lodge, were on the platform. A brief introduction over, Sir Oliver rose to speak on the subject, "The Foundations of Wireless." He told of the vision opened before the minds of physicists by the mathematical work of James Clerk Maxwell in his electromagnetic theory. He himself was fired with the ambition to produce and to detect an electromagnetic radiation of wave length so great that it could be used for signalling. He stirred up the enthusiasm of scientific men at every meeting where they gathered together, notably at the British Association. Men in Great Britain, Ireland, France, Italy and Germany were becoming interested. He himself was at that time a hard-working schoolmaster, his laboratory a shed, his equipment meagre. He described his apparatus and experiments, and paid his tribute to Hertz, who was the man to succeed first among so many other experimenters who were working towards the same end. He then discussed the stages by which these first successes were followed up by one modification after another until the genius of Marconi achieved transatlantic wireless telegraphy.

At the close of the address Sir Ernest Rutherford arose and paid a glowing tribute to Oliver Lodge, the man of science, a great teacher and a research physicist who had pioneered in an untrodden region. He called it one of the chance tricks of fortune that it was Hertz rather than Lodge to whom had fallen the honour of first producing and detecting radio waves. Sir Oliver acknowledged the chairman's words and the storm of applause that had followed them, and then, compelled by some inner urge, he spoke of those things which, in his later years, were closest to his heart. It was a small and perfect gem of a sermon to natural philosophers: with the analogy of the spectrum providing a continuity in the relationships of all the diverse radiations, he confidently hoped that there would

be achieved a linking up of man's experiences in the realms of fact and of faith, a continuity of knowledge in the realms of the physical, the psychical, and the spiritual.

A year later Sir Oliver happened to read an article in *Discovery*[1] dealing with a recent investigation by Dr L. Silberstein on the cosmological constant, *R*, the radius of curvature of space time. He wrote to the author a letter which lies before me now. He was then seventy-three years of age and for about twenty years his main line of research had been no longer physics but psychical phenomena; yet his lively appreciation of strictly physical science is obvious in these pages, though his outlook as a physicist had not gone much beyond the Kelvin epoch. The letter is reproduced almost in full because of the light it throws upon the man who wrote it. It is written from Normanton House, Lake, Salisbury, and is dated October 13, 1924:

> I too have been much interested in the new estimate of R, and cannot refrain from thinking that it is much too small. But what interests me is not its magnitude, but the method of arriving at it, and the idea that it has possibly, not only a real, but a calculable existence. I need hardly say that even as to its reality I feel doubtful: it still has to make good its claim. I had seen some correspondence in NATURE about it; but it was your Article in DISCOVERY which caused me to give more special attention to that correspondence, and to the Papers in the PHIL. MAG. So that ultimately I wrote to S. about it, and have recently received quite an interesting reply. He sticks to his guns, and awaits further astronomical data for confirmation.
>
> These Relativity changes in time, apart from any gravitational cause, are very curious: and it is difficult to discriminate between Appearance and Reality. So far as our experiments and observations are concerned, appearance is what we have to deal with: but philosophically we must deal with reality, if we can.
>
> I don't exactly envy, but I congratulate, you young Physicists on the prospect before you. Physics has entered on a difficult but very interesting stage. And what the outcome may be, no one, I suppose, is as yet able to predict. The mathematical physicists who are now active are very brilliant: and though they indulge in speculations alien to the old school of dynamics, and though I expect Lord Kelvin would have been severely critical and perhaps contemptuous about their work, I cannot but feel a strong interest in it, and wish that I had the time and opportunity to go into these new matters more fully.
>
> Meanwhile my business is to cling to the Ether as a sheet-anchor, and to urge the younger men to try to work out the dynamics of the Ether. I have been writing to Horace Lamb about it; not that he is a younger man, but because I conjecture that some day a glorified hydrodynamics will solve the problem, and that meanwhile efforts in that direction constitute a seed-plot containing within itself the promise of future fruit.

[1] "Measuring the Universe" (*Discovery*, LVII, Sept., 1924).

Six years later, when only a few months short of his eightieth year, Sir Oliver was still keenly following advances in astrophysics and cosmology. He wrote to the author again, this time listing the topics which had particularly interested him in a current magazine article[2]—"several remarkable doctrines, the scattered matter throughout space, the rotation of the galaxy, the question of an Ether, the finiteness of the Universe, and the still more difficult notion of the expanding Universe."

Since the outbreak of war, at the age of eighty-nine years, Sir Oliver Lodge went forth upon the new adventure to which it was his firm belief that death is the portal. It was with a deep sadness that I read the Canadian Press cablegram from London. It stated that the misuse and abuse of scientific discovery whereby death, destruction and agony have stalked the earth, the sea and the air, as never before, had so oppressed the spirit of the aged scientist that four years ago he had said "we know things that we should never have known—things of the devil . . . ," and he had felt that further scientific research should cease until man had learned wisdom in using what is already known. This is the attitude of an old, tired workman, whose tools are now laid by, whose strength is almost gone, who sees what he has helped to fashion put to utterly wrong uses—and himself without the energy to rise up and attack the evil forces around him. W. B. Yeats spoke very truly in lines written when he too was scanning the world anguished and torn once more by the brutal folly of fiendish men:

> All things fall and are built again
> And they who build them again are gay.

But Oliver Lodge had lived his life; he was old; rebuilding the world was not for him, and faith in the ability of anyone to rebuild it was at low ebb—he could not be gay.

A far happier picture, an inspiring picture, and a later one, is given by an associate and friend of many years, who obviously understood him and holds his memory in admiration and affection. This picture is drawn by the sure and sympathetic pen of the Editor of the *Hibbert Journal*. He quotes the very passage which I had marked twenty-seven years ago and which is set forth near the beginning of this article—but Dr L. P. Jacks knew, as I did not, that it had originally appeared in 1902, in the first issue of the *Hibbert Journal*.

[2] "Between the Stars" (*Atlantic Monthly*, Jan., 1931).

The opinion of the late Lord Rutherford is corroborated: "Before all else and to the end of his life Lodge was a man of science" and "temperamentally a seeker for positive proof." Lodge investigated psychic evidence for the survival of human personality with earnestness and patience, convincing himself finally that this was "a scientifically attested fact." But it was more than this, it was a basic belief, that found utterance in his remark when drawing towards the close of his life, "I shall soon be going upstairs." Phrases that are used by Dr Jacks in describing Lodge round out the portrait: "the greatness of his heart . . . , the elemental simplicity of his character . . . , strength that is made stronger by gentleness . . . , a playfulness, a gaiety, a warmth of affection, . . . at home, even in old age, among the dances and delights of the young." Finally there is this testimony: "In my last conversations with him I found him closely attentive to the course of events in these great and terrible days, but inwardly serene. The last phase had the quality of an unclouded sunset . . . his figure was that of an ancient prophet illumined by an inner radiance . . . ." And Dr Jacks closes his tribute with the words *Sit mea anima cum illo.*

Inwardly serene—even though enemy bombs were falling upon the cities, towns and countryside, and around his own home. The questioning, the despair, and the hopelessness of four years earlier were gone, and faith in the ultimate upward trend of mankind had reasserted itself. The conquests of science may be abused, but the search for truth must not—and cannot by man's very nature—be discontinued. And so the old man could look out upon the conflict, dream his dreams, and remain inwardly serene, content to leave to the younger men the task of fighting to translate his dreams and their visions into realities.

REVIEWS

THE LEGACY OF THE PIONEERS*

EDGAR McINNIS

The task of radical readjustment which confronts all nations in this age of world upheaval is one which involves peculiar difficulties for Canada. Any decisions which imply major changes in structure or in policy must take into account certain basic and individual features of our national life. The racial situation by itself is a serious complicating factor. So is our economic structure with its very considerable dependence on world markets. In the reconstruction period which will follow the war there are powerful groups and important interests who are likely to be affected by the changes which circumstances will demand, and the result may be to subject our national unity to more serious strain than we have ever experienced since Confederation.

There is another and more general factor whose significance in this connection is difficult to assess but which still has a bearing on the problems confronting us. That is the comparatively recent emergence of Canada from the pioneer stage of her evolution. This nation, apart from a small French nucleus, has been built in the century and a half which followed the American Revolution. The process of expanding the settled frontier continued well into the twentieth century. During the last great surge which completed the occupation of the prairie West, Canada was simultaneously undergoing an industrial revolution and developing the problems consequent upon a rapid urbanization in her older communities. The United States experienced the same thing in the period after the Civil War. But the extensive readjustments thus made necessary could be carried out in relative freedom from the pressure of major external crises. Canada, facing this task a full generation later, was at the same time beset with the problems forced on her by a world upheaval, and the present struggle came upon her while her internal difficulties were still unsolved.

Moreover, the prevailing mental outlook of Canadians generally was unfavourable to any comprehensive solution. It has frequently

*_The Social Development of Canada_, by S. D. CLARK. Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 1942.

The Unknown Country, by BRUCE HUTCHISON. New York, Coward-McCann (Toronto, Longmans, Green), 1942.

been pointed out that the background of the elder generation is predominantly rural. But it is not only that many of our present leaders in industry and politics came from farms or from small towns. There is the added fact that their viewpoints were developed at a time when Canada still possessed an expanding frontier. Even if they did not belong to pioneer families, they were part of a society in which pioneering was still possible, and in which the admonition "Go West!" could be offered as a solution for the difficulties of the individual or a remedy for the economic ills of the community.

The result was an individualistic philosophy which was not wholly applicable to more recent conditions. The simple faith of the pioneer hardly answers the subtler and more complex problems created by the coincidence of the disappearance of the agrarian frontier and the development of large urban industrial areas. Possibly one result of the present crisis will be to bring a more general acceptance of this fact. It is highly significant that whereas hitherto we have lagged considerably behind the United States in social legislation and in state control of activities—a fact which reflected our less advanced stage of development—the necessities of the present war have forced us to abandon our habit of reluctant imitation and to strike out on a course of our own whose boldness has been both startling and impressive to our neighbours. We have accepted the need for widespread state intervention to meet an external crisis. Perhaps we may come to recognize it as a more adequate answer to our internal problems than any provided by the pioneer mentality in a land where opportunities for extensive pioneering are virtually at an end.

The pioneer has been the object of many panegyrics. The transformation of the continent of North America from a wilderness to a vigorous and complex civilization was made possible by the courage and the rugged endurance of the men and women who carried the frontier steadily westward, and the work of their hands is their monument. But there has always been an undercurrent of less flattering comment. The pioneer who was brave might also be inefficient. He might be remarkably industrious and still be fabulously wasteful. His activities are reflected not only in the remarkable growth of Canada and the United States, but also in the rapid depletion of many of their basic resources, and in a variety of social problems to which the stubborn short-sightedness of the pioneer made a definite contribution.

These diverse views—both of which are true in spite of their apparent contradiction—are well illustrated by the two books under review. Not that Mr Hutchison is primarily concerned with the pioneer as such. Indeed, his foreword virtually challenges the reader to find any real plan in the volume, and the challenge should not be lightly taken up. But there is discernible an effort to present a panorama of Canada in terms of the writer's own experience; and implicit in his presentation is a consciousness of Canada as a young and growing community which is only just emerging from the formative stage and confronting the problems accumulated during the years of growth.

Mr Hutchison's view is that of a romantic. His outlook and temperament are well illustrated by the rhetorical tone of his opening passage and by his sentimental sketch of a farm on the Island of Orleans. He invests the French régime with a cloak-and-sword tradition and the lumbermen and frontier folk with a glamour even in their poverty. But he is thoroughly conscious of the transition stage upon which Canada has now entered in both her external relations and her internal organization. His judgments on both present problems and past events are often extremely individual. His background to the Rebellion of 1837 is bound to strike the historian as somewhat curious; and not everyone would recognize in the phrase "icy and knifelike" a description of the thought-processes of Mr Mackenzie King. But he writes with a sweep and an enthusiasm which have their own persuasive effect, and he leaves a very definite impression of the stresses and strains within the Dominion and the vast unfinished business which confronts the nation.

Dr Clark's book is of another type and serves a different purpose. It is basically a collection of documents, each group explained by an introductory essay. For the student it will prove a useful companion volume to the documents on economic history collected by Professors Innis and Lower. It does not, however, aim at the same comprehensiveness in the field of social history. As the introduction explains, the chief emphasis is on the various phases of frontier expansion, from the development of New France to the Yukon gold-rush, with a final chapter on the settlement of the prairies and the transition to an urban industrial basis in Central Canada.

There is a wealth of suggestive material in both Dr Clark's

stimulating introduction and the documents he has chosen. It need not be surprising however if the contemporary quotations reflect little that is glamorous or optimistic about the founders of the Canadian community. The things our great-grandfathers thought about each other are somewhat different from the legend. The frontiersman as viewed by the authorities, and even by his fellow-pioneers, comes in for some very harsh words. The despatches of the French governors about the lawlessness of the *coureurs de bois* or the laziness of the Acadians find strong echoes through subsequent records, from the complaints of Cornwallis about the "poor idle worthless Vagabonds" who settled Nova Scotia to the diatribes of the *British Colonist* against practically everyone in British Columbia. Yet it is interesting to compare, for example, the lurid pictures by travellers of life in the Yukon (where one English visitor made the discovery that poker "affords great facilities for rash speculation") with the official police report which reveals the comparative rarity of really major crimes. Possibly the sagest conclusion is that of a woman who went to Dawson during the gold-rush. "The genuine pioneer," wrote Mary Lee Davis, "has standards, decidedly. He has honour and he has virtue. He has a certain tough unformulated faith, but his standards are not the standards of home."

OUR EURIPIDES THE GOLDEN[1]

W. D. WOODHEAD

Professor Grube has followed up his admirable volume, *Plato's Thought*, with a very thorough and scholarly study of Euripides, a book which should prove indispensable to all students of that great dramatist. The treatment of the subject is interesting. The first part consists of a general survey of the technique of Euripides, and deals with such controversial topics as the Prologues and Epilogues, the problem of relevance, and the place of the Chorus in the poet's drama. The second part contains detailed analyses and interpretations of the eighteen extant tragedies. This is a convenient arrangement, for the reader has the choice of reading first whichever part he pleases; and the process from the general to the particular is in the regular Greek tradition.

[1] *The Drama of Euripides*, by G. M. A. GRUBE. London, Methuen [Toronto, S. J. Reginald Saunders], $7.50.

What specially impresses the reviewer is the sanity of Professor Grube's treatment. He rightly protests against the numerous critics who affect to discover, in the speeches of a character or the lyrics of a chorus, the personal sentiments of the dramatist. This is a practice which dates from the times of the poet himself, for of old he was spoken of as a woman-hater. But it is interesting to note that the fiercest attacks upon the character of womankind are for the most part uttered by the women, not the men, in the tragedies. And again Professor Grube combats strongly and effectively the prevalent idea that Euripides was an atheist, "a man who wrote plays with the specific intention to make men cease to believe in the gods." The monologue Prologues, which have aroused such criticism, are shown to be, in nearly every case, dramatically essential, only the first few verses being "stiff, formal, and frigid." And the Epilogues, in which divinities so frequently appear, are not, according to the writer, mere labour-saving devices adopted to "get the author out of difficulties of plot," but in each play in which they occur there is some definite relevance and dramatic justification.

Of the Chorus, again, Professor Grube writes with penetration and understanding: and both in the introductory chapters and in the studies of the individual plays he makes it evident that, with very few exceptions, the choice of the choral body and the lyrics which they sing is relevant and indeed intimately connected with the dramatic story. In only two plays will he admit that the ties between the Chorus and chief character are missing. And he wisely points out that critics tend to "concentrate too much upon the choral odes, to the detriment of the other utterances of the chorus."

It is perhaps inevitable, even today, that the fantastic but fascinating theories of Verrall should be considered in any book which deals with Euripides: and Professor Grube reveals the sanity of his outlook in rejecting Verrall's extravagant interpretations though at the same time availing himself of many pregnant and suggestive remarks which Verrall lets drop in his numerous essays on our dramatist.

The book is singularly free from errors. There are two slight misprints in the List of Books at the end; and on page 327 the author makes a slip of minor importance when he speaks of "Apollo's birth at Delos, where he slew the monster serpent."

It was at Delphi that the serpent was slain. The passage quoted on page 145, "respect your guests and treat them rightly," is susceptible of a different interpretation. On page 250 the writer translates:

> To fight against the Fates sent us from heaven
> Is keen indeed, that keenness ignorance.

The word "keen" will hardly bear this sense in English. It is of misplaced "zeal" that Euripides is thinking. But these are trivial matters, and it is rare and surprising, in a book of 450 pages, to find such scrupulous care and accuracy.

II

Greek scholars are perhaps born either Aeschyleans or Euripideans. Sophocles somehow seems to stand apart, as Aristophanes had discernment enough to see. His position is secure. But between Aeschylus and Euripides the conflict still rages. And while it is happily possible to like both dramatists, there is usually a balance in favour of one or the other. It is quite true that in a way Euripides suffers from the fact that so many of his tragedies have been preserved; for if as many as eighteen plays were extant from the works of Aeschylus and Sophocles respectively, perhaps we should have reason to modify our opinions on these poets. And if, again, only the seven best of the extant plays of Euripides had survived (*Bacchae*, *Hippolytus*, *Alcestis*, *Medea*, *Ion*, *Iphigenia in Tauris* and *Troades* would represent a normal choice), how much greater he would appear in the judgment of many critics. For, in spite of his genuine powers as a poet, in spite of the charm and delicacy of many of his lyrics and his extraordinary gift of understanding and portraying human character, there are features of his work which must disconcert many of his readers and admirers. If we compare, for instance, the Cassandra of Aeschylus with the Cassandra of Euripides, we can hardly be unaware of the sensationalism of the latter's treatment and the dignity of the former's. Evadne in the *Supplices* of Euripides makes a generous public parade of her grief. When Iphigenia faces her death by sacrifice in Aeschylus, "her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees"; but when Polyxena meets the same fate in Euripides, we find that "even though dying she showed much concern to fall decently and

to conceal what should be concealed from the eyes of men," much like the immortal heroine of *Paul et Virginie*. Euripides in fact is not always a safe guide in matters of taste. He can waste several lines in the *Electra* upon a petulant criticism of Aeschylus; his Andromache will make a merit of having suckled the illegitimate children of Hector; his Hecuba will seek to win Agamemnon's consent to her schemes by alluding to the pleasures which he will enjoy in the arms of Cassandra—her own daughter and the King's concubine.

These are, however, only occasional and, it must be admitted, comparatively rare examples of weakness in our poet. There are three other topics which also affect one's judgment, the debate nuisance, the pedigree nuisance, and the repetition nuisance.

It may be, and probably is, quite true that the Athenians enjoyed the formal and often sophistical debates in which Euripides rejoices. For they were, as Aristophanes tells us, a people with a passion for litigation. But the dramas of Euripides must surely be judged, as works of art, without any reference to the predilections of the Athenian people. The groundlings may have liked the very insipid humour of *Two Gentlemen of Verona;* but that does not justify the poet's lapses. If the debates were not so frequent, or were more natural, there would be little reason for complaint. But, clever and subtle as they often are, they become monotonously tiresome.

The pedigree nuisance is less serious. But it is difficult to see why Hermes, for instance, who was known to everybody, should take such pains to inform us that "Atlas, who bears upon his shoulders the sky, the ancient abode of the gods, begat Maia from one of the goddesses, and she bore me to mighty Zeus." Still more is this pedigree material out of place in the *Heracles*. The figure of Madness is politely introduced to the Chorus by Iris; yet when her turn comes to speak, she must needs say, "I am sprung from a noble sire and mother, from the blood of Uranus and Night."

As to the repetition nuisance, one cannot complain of those cases in which words are repeated for the sake of emphasis or pathos; but repetition which is purposeless ("to the land, to the land, he came, he came") is a real disfigurement to the style of Euripides. Aristophanes was well aware of this excess when he composed his delicious parody:

For I, poor girl, was working within,
Holding my distaff heavy and full, . . .
Weaving an excellent bobbin of wool.
But he to the blue upflew, upflew,
On the lightliest tips of his wings outspread;
To me he bequeathed but woe, but woe,
And tears, sad tears from my eyes o'erflow,
Which I, the bereaved, must shed, must shed.[2]

And yet, in spite of all these faults, in spite of his love of effect, his tendency to tear a passion to tatters, and the artificiality which (*pace* Professor Grube) is to be found in many of his works, how great a poet he remains! Even in the conversation passages the lyrical vein shines forth again and again:

O lovely is the sunlight,
And fair the dancing sea,
And fair the earth when flowers awake
In springtime, fair the brimming lake—
Yea many things there be
That fill the heart with gladness,
But fairest thing of all
That lonely hearts yearn after,
The light of children's laughter
Ringing from floor to rafter
In the once empty hall.[3]

Much of his best work will stand the test of constant re-reading; and he has found in Professor Grube a real champion, who does not seek to acquit him of all faults but dispels many of the errors of criticism which have obscured and dimmed his lustre. Classical scholars will be grateful indeed for so searching and sympathetic a study.

[2]Translated by B. B. Rogers.
[3]Version by Denis Turner.

COLUMBUS AND HIS VOYAGES* — LAWRENCE J. BURPEE

Samuel Eliot Morison, Professor of History at Harvard, sometime Professor of American History at Oxford, and author of several important contributions to the history of the United States, has now written what, one imagines, must remain the definitive story of Christopher Columbus and his four voyages.

**Admiral of the Ocean Sea: A Life of Christopher Columbus*, by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. Boston, Little, Brown and Company, 1942, $4.50.

Indeed it is difficult to see what, apart from inevitable points of controversy, remains to be said on the subject.

Following the example of Francis Parkman, Mr Morison prepared himself for his task—quite evidently a congenial task—by not only studying all the available records of the life of the explorer, but also sailing his courses across the Atlantic and around the Caribbean, in small craft, under conditions as close as now practicable to those of the latter part of the fifteenth century.

Brushing aside the interminable literature on the "Columbus Question," who he was and where he came from, with the comment that "there is no more reason to doubt that Christopher Columbus was a Genoese-born Catholic Christian, steadfast in his faith and proud of his native city, than to doubt that George Washington was a Virginian-born Anglican of English race, proud of being an American," Mr Morison makes it clear that his main concern is with the Columbus of action. Yet he does not overlook the serious purpose behind the action. "As the caravels sail on tropic seas to new and ever more wonderful islands, and to high mountain-crested coasts of terra firma where the long surges of the trade winds eternally break and roar, I cannot forget the eternal faith that sent this man forth, to the benefit of all future ages."

The first chapters of this very substantial book are devoted to Columbus' early life in Genoa, his adventures as a seaman on the Mediterranean, his years in Portugal, contemporary accounts of the man, his appearance and character, his failure to interest the King of Portugal in his great enterprise of finding a western route to the Indies, and his removal to Spain in the hope that he might be more successful with Ferdinand and Isabella. The Queen showed a keen interest in the project, but the King was preoccupied with other matters nearer home. "It was as if a polar explorer had tried to interest Lincoln in the conquest of the Antarctic about the time of the Battle of Gettysburg." The scheme was referred to a commission of scholars for examination and report. Five or six years dragged by while the experts wrangled, but at last the persistence of Columbus was rewarded. His enterprise was approved, and, in the late summer of 1492, he was away on his first voyage into the unknown west, with three ships so small that they might almost be lost sight of in the hold of a modern liner.

A very interesting chapter describes the *Nina*, *Pinta* and *Santa*

Maria, and discusses such matters as the meaning of tonnage in 1492, the rigging of Spanish caravels of the period, the significance of ships' names, the material that went into vessels, the use of tallow and pitch on their bottoms, the character of ballast, anchors, rudders, and the incredible discomfort of living arrangements, what constituted the crew, what they were fed, their wages, their duties, and so forth. Besides many other things Columbus took with him a letter of recommendation from Ferdinand and Isabella to the Grand Khan. To the end it would appear that the explorer, if not the King and the Queen, was to believe that the land discovered was part of Asia.

Much more space, naturally, is given to the first voyage to America than to those that followed. Based mainly on Columbus' own journal of the voyage, not extravagantly described as "the most detailed, the most interesting and the most entrancing sea journal of any voyage in history," but with the aid of other sources, and his own investigations, Mr Morison gives seventeen chapters to a fascinating analysis of a great achievement. The story finds its climax in the landfall of October 12, 1492:

> On speed the three ships, *Pinta* in the lead, their sails silver in the moonlight. A brave trade wind is blowing and the caravels are rolling, plunging and throwing spray as they cut down the last invisible barrier between the Old World and the New. Only a few moments now, and an era that began in remotest antiquity will end. Rodrigo de Triana, lookout on *Pinta's* forecastle, sees something like a white sand cliff gleaming in the moonlight on the western horizon, then another, and a dark line of land connecting them. '*Tierra! tierra!*' he shouts, and this time land it is. . . .
>
> So ended forty-eight hours of the most wonderful experience that perhaps any seamen have ever had. Other discoveries there have been more spectacular than that of this small, flat sandy island that rides out ahead of the American continent, breasting the trade winds. But it was there that the Ocean for the first time 'loosed the chain of things' as Seneca had prophesied, gave up the secret that had baffled Europeans since they began to inquire what lay beyond the western horizon's rim. Stranger people than the gentle Tainos, more exotic plants than the green verdure of Guanahani had been discovered, even by the Portuguese before Columbus; but the discovery of Africa was but an unfolding of a continent already glimpsed, whilst San Salvador, rising from the sea at the end of a thirty-three-day westward sail, was a clean break with past experience. Every tree, every plant that the Spaniards saw was strange to them, and the natives were not only strange but completely unexpected, speaking an unknown tongue and resembling no race of which even the most educated of the explorers had read in the tales of travellers from Herodotus to Marco Polo. Never again may mortal men hope to recapture the amazement, the wonder, the delight of

those October days in 1492 when the New World gracefully yielded her virginity to the conquering Castilians.

Stirring prose, worthy of a great theme! Nevertheless one who has studied the literature of the Vinland voyages of Ericson and Karlsefni may be permitted to believe that the New World had yielded her virginity, gracefully or not, to Scandinavians nearly five hundred years before Columbus; though it is undoubtedly true that the earlier indiscretion caused less of a scandal than the later.

Be that as it may, Mr Morison has produced an extraordinarily complete life of Columbus, eminently scholarly and readable, even if his English is sometimes marred by such modern slang as "good guys," "phony," "breaks," something to "beef" about, "took time out," "hot spot" and "lucky break."

One is struck by odds and ends of parallels with other later explorers of North America. Columbus' last act before sailing on his first voyage was to receive the holy sacrament. Henry Hudson did the same. Columbus found that the natives of San Salvador used an unknown dried leaf, evidently tobacco. So did Jacques Cartier on the St Lawrence. Columbus saw mermaids. Karlsefni and Cartier, not to be outdone, speak of one-legged men. Columbus was deeply religious. So was that gay pirate Francis Drake. So, indeed, one finds, were most of the great sea captains. There is no authentic portrait of Columbus. Nor is there of any of the French explorers of North America, from Cartier to La Vérendrye. But enough of that.

There is so much that cries for comment in a book which runs to 671 pages and is packed with matter from cover to cover, including the mildly scandalous story of the eleven thousand seagoing Virgins, that one feels helpless. But, after all, it is not the kind of book that anyone can afford to read in a reviewer's summary. It is, indeed, a sound and very entertaining study, and one to be heartily recommended, even by a reviewer who is not prepared to accept the widespread belief that Christopher Columbus was the original discoverer of North America. That idea is—if one may be forgiven a parting fling—taken so irritatingly for granted in this book, and elsewhere. As someone says in James Hilton's *Ill Wind*, "even if Columbus *hadn't* discovered America, somebody else would certainly have committed the indiscretion sooner or later."

POLISH EDUCATION AND SCHOLARSHIP*

ROBERT L. MARKOS

Polish history registers a constant struggle of adjustment between the talents of a nation and—often adverse—political circumstance. The wonder is the number of creative minds that Poland has produced and the place in world scholarship that she has been able to claim. Dr Kot is typical of his people; for, as Professor Powicke emphasized in introducing him to his Oxford audience, he has found time for academic occupations without neglecting his duties as a minister of state. As one would expect from such an author, and as the subject certainly demands, Dr Kot shows a lively sense of the role which political history has played in the development, and the fortunes, of Polish learning.

The influence of the Roman Empire never reached the forest-covered land between the Vistula and the Oder. Only the introduction of Christianity by the first ruler of a united Poland in the tenth century opened the way to foreign monks who started to educate the Poles. Italian influence was predominant as the Poles preferred Italians to the Germans, whose mediation was not disinterested. The first Polish history was written by Vincent Kadlubek around 1200 and was used by Gervase of Tilbury for his *Otia Imperalia*. Polish education grew in spite of the Tartar invasion in the thirteenth century, until in 1364 the University of Cracow was founded.

The immediate task of the University was to educate teachers for the newly-opened lands of Lithuania, which had just been joined to Poland; but this cradle of Polish learning soon gained world-wide fame. It produced men like Nicolaus Copernicus, and in 1500 it had more than seventeen hundred foreign students. At first the books printed were in Latin, but the first Polish book appeared in 1513. Among the collections of manuscripts made, were those by Jan Laski of his teacher, Erasmus. But the University remained in the hands of the clergy, and some Poles preferred to study abroad, mainly in northern Italy. It must be admitted, moreover, that the Polish upper class as a whole remained indifferent to learning and its pursuit. They were content with a smattering of education to which many of them added the knowledge of a foreign language and law. And this was a source of deep anxiety to Polish scholars.

*_Five Centuries of Polish Learning_, by DR KOT. Oxford, Blackwell, 1942.

The Reformation and the decision of 1752 to elect the Polish kings were bound to produce controversy. Protestant and Catholic schools were opened, among them the University of Wilno, but at the same time economists and other reformers were striving for the equality of all classes before the law. The best known work in this field was Modrzewski's *De Republica Emendanda*. The great Polish statesman and strategist, Jan Zamoyski, was also one of the foremost scholars of Poland. His wars pushed the Polish boundary far to the east, carrying with them the thoughts of the Western world. Kiev was the greatest Polish cultural centre in these lands and it radiated its influence even across the border to Moscow.

The Golden Age of Poland came to an end around 1648, when a series of invasions by the Turks, Swedes and Russians reduced the country to a state of poverty, thus making learning impossible. All cultural institutions except that at Danzig stood idle. But the darkest hours preceded the dawn. French influence made itself felt around 1750. The change was largely due to the tireless efforts of two churchmen, Konarski and Zaluski, who opened the Collegium Nobilium in Warsaw and the Zaluski Library. The main purpose of all the reorganized schools, including the Cadet School favoured by the King, was to educate good citizens. When, in 1773, the Jesuit Order was abolished by the Vatican, its vast properties were taken over by the state and entrusted to the care of a National Board of Education. Hugo Kollontaj was the spirit behind the Board. He was also one of the writers of the constitution of May 3, 1791. This was too liberal for the powerful neighbours of Poland, who decided to put an end to Polish regeneration by dismembering the commonwealth.

With the invading armies came the beginning of the denationalization policies. Schools and most universities were closed, or replaced by foreign ones as in the case of the Academy of Lwow, then under Austrian rule. With the exception of the Society for the Promotion of Science in Prussian-occupied Warsaw, Polish cultural life had ceased to exist. Only the Russians, whose intellectual level was much lower than that of the Poles, had to limit their policy of Russification to the confiscating of libraries, among them the Zaluski Library. Therefore the University of Wilno was permitted to become the centre of Polish culture up to 1823. This university soon became world-famous for its great achieve-

ments in the field of the exact sciences. There also two youth organizations flourished: "the Filomaths," and "the Filaretes" whose motto was, "Country, Learning and Character." The greatest Polish romantic poet, Adam Mickiewicz, grew up in this atmosphere. But in 1823 the University of Wilno was placed under police supervision, and in 1830 all universities, including the newly-founded University of Warsaw, were closed by the Russian authorities. At Warsaw the interest of the University had concentrated on the immediate service of the country as a whole: there was little specialization and the scholarly work was much less impressive than that done at Wilno.

With the universities closed, the intelligentzia scattered. France, and even Chile and Australia, provided shelter for Polish scientists, some of whom lectured in foreign universities. Such exile is not favourable to quiet research, but work of real value was accomplished. Most famous among Polish names in the annals of nineteenth-century science is that of Mme Sklodowska-Curie.

In Poland itself the fortunes of learning depended entirely on the condition, the mutual relations, of the three empires occupying the country; only when they disagreed or were weak could a ray of hope appear. Austria, being the weakest of the three after the defeat of Sadowa in 1866, had to give autonomy to Galicia, thus paving the way for the reorganization of the Universities in Cracow and Lwow. The possession of two universities permitted the Poles to bring their scholars together for consultation and train the young generation in proper methods of research; and Poland soon had representatives in the field of physics, medicine and chemistry, who, in spite of the comparative difficulty of the Polish language and of the lack of an independent Poland, became known all over the world. It was in a laboratory in Cracow that liquid air was discovered by Olszewski and Wroblewski.

Meanwhile in Warsaw, in face of the severest Russian despotism, a kind of scientific association was formed under a veiled name. It subsidized laboratories and salvaged archives. It also published *Help for Self-Learners*, which popularized exact science at a time when this part of Poland was deprived of universities and other institutions of learning. Only after the revolution in Russia in 1905 were Poles given the permission to open their own high schools; and even then the universities remained under the

control of the Russian state. And indeed the circumstances of the Poles were little likely to foster the disinterested pursuit of learning, with oppression followed by the World War, and this immediately followed by the Polish-Bolshevik War of 1918-20.

After the two wars many Polish scholars flocked to the free mother-country, among them Gabriel Narutowicz, first President of Poland. Old universities were re-opened and others were added. Problems of educational organization in a new state were bound to lead to a controversy. The opinion that universities should be nothing more than good schools, while scientific research was carried on in separate institutions did not have many followers. Professors preferred to remain in touch with the younger generation, and a compromise was reached in which universities continued to function as institutions of higher learning in independence from the state, while they also promised to educate a vast number of people to be used in the reconstruction of the country. Much valuable work was also done, quite apart from universities. Each province formed its own private learned societies which made available important material dealing with the history, geography and customs of the respective districts. Minorities had a share in education. Jews as well as Ukrainians held several chairs at the University of Warsaw, and separate schools for both these groups were founded. One Jewish Talmudic school was subsidized by the government, while Ukrainians had the Ukrainian Institute in Warsaw, a higher school of outstanding quality. Many documents and archives which before the war were scattered all over the world were brought back to Poland, notably the Zaluski Library. These archives as well as the institutions of learning, new or revived, and the publications that flowed from them, drew the attention of the world to Poland, where many national, inter-Slavonic and even international congresses were held.

At the outbreak of the present war Poland had some twenty institutions of higher learning, with forty-eight thousand students. The departments of Mathematics, Aeronautics and Medicine had the best reputation. Sierpinski and Banach are world-famous mathematicians while Funk is credited with introducing vitamins into modern medicine. One of the greatest achievements of Polish learning was the discovery of the two-thousand-five-hundred-year old village of Biskupin, which shows the continuity of Slavonic culture in those lands during the last twenty-five

centuries. "Conditions were never easy," concludes Dr Kot, "particularly during the years of world crisis; yet the very fact of national rebirth seemed to cast a spell on those engaged in serious work, and lend them unusual strength. The next ten years would have brought still more and better results, had not the tempest of war swept everything away."

The destruction of Polish science and learning is far more complete today than it ever was during the worst years of the partitions. The only outpost of Polish learning is the newly-formed Polish School of Medicine in Edinburgh. It is hoped that a similar centre will be formed in the United States.

In these three lectures, whose main points we have summarized, Dr Kot gives an almost complete picture of the cultural development of a nation and of the reasons for the success and failure of the people in expanding their knowledge and contributing to that of the civilized world; in short, these lectures provide a basis from which further studies of any particular period or of any particular field of Polish learning may be made. The particular emphasis on Poland's relations with the other civilized Western powers, shows Dr Kot's strong conviction that only mutual understanding based on a knowledge of the habits and achievements of all nations can provide a sound foundation for promoting free learning in all countries.

THE PRINTING PLATES WE MAKE MUST BE GOOD OR THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS WOULD NOT BUY THEM FROM US—AND THEY DO.

Photo-Engravers and Electrotypers, Ltd.

91 Gould Street - - - - Toronto, Canada

R. & J. BECK LIMITED

69 MORTIMER STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Beck No. 29. London Microscope.

BECK MICROSCOPES have been chosen for the year 1940-1941 by such leading institutions as The University of Toronto, Queen's University, University of Manitoba, University of Saskatchewan, Dalhousie University, Ontario Dental College, Province of Ontario Health Dept., Toronto General Hospital, Toronto Western Hospital and several hospitals and research laboratories throughout the British Empire.

Messrs. R. & J. Beck, London, England, have developed a new type of Angular Binocular complete with all objectives.

"BUY BECK IT'S BRITISH"

Canadian Representative

JAMES PALMER

Physicians & Surgeons Building, 86 Bloor Street West, Toronto.

PROVINCIAL PAPER LIMITED

388-396 University Avenue
TORONTO, CANADA

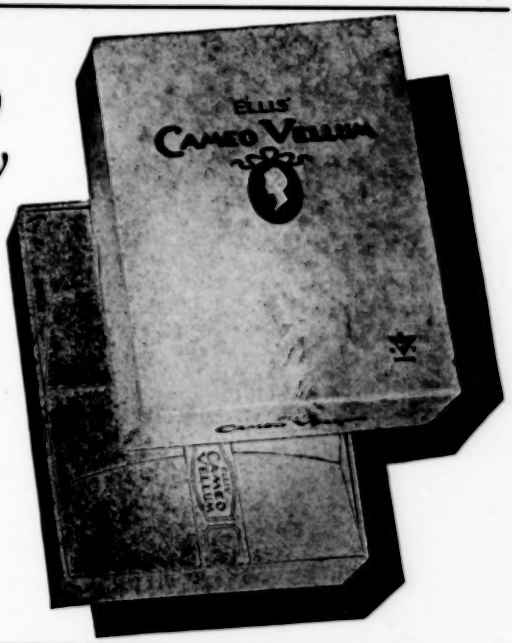
MANUFACTURERS OF BOOK,
WRITING and COATED PAPER

CAMEO *Stationery*

Made in
VELLUM
LINEN
RIPPLE
DECKLE EDGE

BARBER ELLIS
ESTB 1870
CANADA

Ask Your Stationer



RELIANCE ENGRAVERS LIMITED

104 BOND ST. TORONTO

ARTISTS · ENGRAVERS · ELECTROTYPERS

PHONE ELGIN 0411

OUR EXPERIENCE WILL SAVE YOU MONEY

MILITARY BOOKS

Texts for Students and Teachers

ELEMENTARY MILITARY ADMINISTRATION AND ORGANIZATION ..... 50 cents

This small, compact booklet contains a fund of information of value to every soldier, officer, or women's corps personnel. It outlines in detail the duties of the various officers, and pays special attention to orderly room procedure.

ELEMENTARY DRILL MANUAL ..... 25 cents

Gives the fundamental essential information concerning words of command and the execution of all elementary drill movements. It is based on official publications and allows for the new three-rank formation.

ELEMENTARY MILITARY LAW FOR CANADIAN OFFICERS. By Major C. R. Young ..... 40 cents

Young officers will find this book of value as an aid in gaining a rapid general appreciation of the subject of military law and in finding their way through the official publications.

AIR CREW IN THEIR ELEMENT.
By Major Velyien E. Henderson ..... 50 cents

A background for the understanding of the factors which members of aircrew are subjected to in their new working environment and hints for the maintenance of their physical and mental health.

MEDICAL GUIDE FOR FLYING PERSONNEL. Translated from the German by Major Velyien E. Henderson $1.00

Every man in the Air Force ought to understand how he can best resist the strain on his health and fitness involved in flying high-powered aeroplanes. Here fundamental medical knowledge in regard to aviation is set forth concisely and simply.

Circulars on Request

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
TORONTO **CANADA**

50 cents

n
l.
rs

25 cents

ng
ll
ys

40 cents

ng
w

50 cents

ch
ng
cal

ed
.....$1.00

an
in
cal
nd

RESS
CANADA

SPANISH POETRY OF THE GOLDEN AGE

Edited with introductions and notes

By

MILTON A. BUCHANAN

This anthology provides an annotated edition of representative poems of Spain's golden age of literature. The collection contains many kinds of poetry, in a variety of themes, moods and styles.

$1.90
Plus 10c Postage

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
Toronto **Canada**

Every type of Quality Printing Plates

PHOTO-ENGRAVERS
ARTISTS
PHOTOGRAPHERS
ELECTROTYPERS
MATS
STEREOTYPERS

Graphic ENGRAVERS LTD. 73 RICHMOND ST. W.
York ELECTROTYPERS LTD. 119 YORK STREET

WA. 4681

INTRODUCTION TO ACCOUNTING FOR STUDENTS OF ECONOMICS

By

C. A. ASHLEY

Professor of Accounting
University of Toronto

This book presents concisely the methods and conventions used by accountants and discusses their limitations from the point of view of the economist. It is designed to bring together the ideas of Economists and Accountants.

$1.50
Plus 10c Postage

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

Toronto **Canada**

THE WAR: THIRD YEAR **$2.00**

By Edgar McInnis, M.A., Associate Professor of History, University of Toronto. With text maps, chronological tables and texts of documents. The one account available in accurate readable form of the complex history of the war from its beginning to the present.

THE ROYAL POWER OF DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT IN THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH **$5.00**

By Eugene A. Forsey, M.A., (Oxon.) Ph.D. With a Foreword by Sir John Marriott. "Mr. Forsey has placed Constitutional historians and commentators under a deep debt of gratitude. The author concentrates upon a single point; the power of the Head of the State, King, Governor, or Lieutenant-Governor, to dissolve Parliament proprio motu, or to grant or refuse a dissolution to his responsible advisers . . . I commend the whole work to the careful attention of all who are interested in constitutional theory, or are themselves called to the conduct of public affairs."

CANADIAN EXTERNAL RELATIONS:
An Historical Study to 1941 **$3.00**

By G. P. deT. Glazebrook. Issued under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs.
This volume sketches the long background of interest and participation in world affairs of which contemporary Canadians are the heirs.

CANADA AT THE PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE **$2.00**

By G. P. deT. Glazebrook. Issued under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs.
Participation in the peace conference held at Paris has been recognized as marking an important step in the march of Canada toward an increasing activity in world affairs and towards greater autonomy in the field of foreign affairs.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

480 University Avenue **Toronto, Canada**

by
the
and

$2.00
ronto.
avail-
nning

$5.00
rriott,
deep
of the
ament
. . . I
ed in
fairs."

$3.00
ute of
world

$2.00
ute of
arking
world

nada